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POEMS AND SONGS

BY

DAVID WINGATE

52934

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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DEDICATION.

TO

DR JOHN TENNANT BARRIE,

NEWARTHILL.

DEAR SIR,

THERE ARE FRIENDSHIPS FOR WHICH THERE IS NO EARTHLY EQUIVALENT; YOURS TO ME IS ONE OF THESE. THIS, THEREFORE, IS NOT OFFERED AS IN PAYMENT OF BENEFITS RECEIVED, BUT SIMPLY AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT,

BY YOUR

HUMBLE SERVANT,

DAVID WINGATE.

WINDMILLHILL, MOTHERWELL,
March 1862.

PREFACE.

I CONFESS that I see no reason why I should write a preface, and, unadvised, would probably have left it unwritten. But some friends—men of learning and taste—assure me it is absolutely necessary.

What can I say? Shall I tell you I have no learning? The book itself will tell you that. Shall I whine, and say to my critic, "Have mercy on me!—think of my position in life"? No, indeed! On the contrary, I say, Weigh the book alone. My peculiar circumstances (if they be peculiar) have no right to

go in with it. If I have sung badly or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me that I am, and have been, a collier since my ninth year.

Probably the fact of my being a collier should have been suppressed altogether; but I thought if any reader wishes to know what I am, the information is here for him.

If the book has any merit apart from whatever that fact may suggest, it may live; if not, it deserves to die.

If a groundless vanity has given birth to and sustained my long-cherished dream of something better than the pit, do not hesitate to tell me so. It may serve to convince me that I am in my proper place, and teach me to be content. God save me from that charity which refrains from calling me a blockhead because my face is covered with coal-gum!

To those who have aided and encouraged me in putting my thoughts into this form, I can only say, Thank you most sincerely.

DAVID WINGATE.

WINDMILLHILL, MOTHERWELL,
March 1862.

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POEMS AND SONGS.

A MINER'S MORNING SONG.

Awake, brother miner! The stars have grown dim,
'Tis time to be stirring the sleep-strengthened limb;
The lark is saluting the regions of love,
And soon will the sun flash the grey mists above:
Prepare thee to sink, though the fancy should soar;
We must to the dark scenes of labour once more.

Come! rise, brother, rise! and from grumbling refrain;
He who murmurs in idleness, murmurs in vain:
A sweet slumber hangs on thy little ones' brows,
A love-hallowed prayer 's in the heart of thy spouse:

She pleads where thou knowst she has pled well before,
That angels may guard thee to safety once more.

Arise! brother miner! 'Twas only a dream,
That hum of green woodlands, that stroll by the stream;
Some joy-loving fairy, in portraiture gay,
Hath shown thee by night what thou seest not by day.
Yet, brother, despair not; the hours will pass o'er:
We'll rise, as the day wanes, to gladness once more.

Suppress those deep sighs, brother, though it may be
The fate of thy kinsman is waiting for thee:
O'er sorrows untasted 'tis folly to brood;
We must, like that kinsman, brave danger for food.
Then up and be stirring; like serf-men of yore,
We'll rest when we've plodded our portion once more.

Be cheerful, poor brother! I've heard of a land
Where no over-labour e'er blisters the hand—
A land where no fetters of slavery are seen,
Where the grindstone of tyranny never hath been.
Perhaps we'll go there when our ploddings are o'er,
And then we'll be weary-boned miners no more.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

My little wife has two merry black eyes,
Sweet little, dear little, daisy-faced Jane;
And fifty young lads always deemed her a prize,
And blamed the kind creature for causing them pain.
They all knew her pretty,
And some thought her witty,
But sware of sound sense she was faultless and free,
Because the fair scoffer
Refused every offer,
And secretly cherished affection for me.

My little wife has a cheek-dimpling smile,
Sweet little, dear little, lily-browed Jane;
A blithe buoyant nature that cares not for toil—
So how could the poor lads from loving a?

In spite of her scorning,
They wooed night and morning:
"The wild little coquette," they cried, "is heart-free!"
Nor dreamed that she, weeping
While others were sleeping,
Oft hopelessly cherished affection for me.

My little wife weekly to the church came,
Sweet little, dear little, mellow-voiced Jane;
Where I, filled with equal devotional flame,
Would glance at her fair face again and again.
Sometimes an emotion,
Not wholly devotion,
A dim nameless thrill, o'er my senses would flee,
And then, growing bolder,
I dared to behold her,
And wish that such sweetness would once think of me.

My little wife often round the church hill,
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane,
Walked slowly, and lonely, and thoughtful, until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain.

And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her,
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,
That all her affections were centred in me.

My little wife once ('tis strange, but 'tis true),
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain;
And I, walking near her
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free),
Strove hard to persuade her
That He who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
Sat on the hill-side till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.

I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and would wed none but me.

My little wife is not always quite sure—
Sweet little, dear little, hearth-cheering Jane—
That joy will not tarry where people are poor,
But only where Wealth and her satellites reign.
In each baby-treasure
She finds a new pleasure:
If purse and demand should by chance disagree,
She smiles, bravely humming,
"A better time's coming,"
And trusts in good health, in the future, and me.

AGNES.

IN MEMORY OF A DEAR CHILD.

No Agnes now to greet me when the daily task is done,
With many a pretty story, understood by her alone;
No more the little cheek is laid so trustfully to mine,
No more the little dimpled arms her mother's neck entwine.

She came to us when linties sang their blithest spring-time lay,
And when the seasons circled once, she pined and went away:
It may be that she wearied, of her native heaven bereft;
What all our love when weighed against the glory she had left?

Yet ours she seemed—we watched her growth from
feeblest infancy,
And felt affection's hallowed ties drawn closer day by
day;
So sweet and winning were her ways, no child was e'er
so dear;
Oh! surely the bereavèd heart may weep a blameless
tear!

We pressed her quivering lips, and wiped her brow so
cold and damp,
As hope one moment brightened up her half-extin-
guished lamp:
What utter loneliness we felt as fast the parting neared,
And legibly upon her face we read the fate we feared!

We saw the film spread slowly o'er the little azure eye,
We saw the cheek and lip grow pale, and heard the
deep death-sigh,
And felt how fearfully intense the agony that burns,
When the last bosom-heave subsides, and ne'er again
returns.

Oh, Agnes ! ever innocent, we look to where thou art,
Convinced of all the grossness of an erring human heart :
Fain would we see thy face again, fain with thee ever be ;
But oh ! how pure must be the life that wins a home with thee !

SPAE CRAFT.

My bairn, while thy mither rests, tired wi' her toil,
While the pan's chirmin' sweetly its promise to boil,
While nae neebor draps in the "wee stranger to see,"
Or to "taste," and foretell what a beauty thou'lt be,
Shall I play the warlock wi' nae evil ee,
And glint at the future that's waiting on thee?

Come, let thy wee haun' lie sae gently on mine,
And let me peer into ilk curve, cross, and line:
This shows where Prosperity's path should run clear,
And *these* where the crosses o' life interfere.
Alas! thy wee haun' seems o' crosses filled fou,
But surely, oh, surely, I dinna read true!

Can it be in scorn thou withdraw'st thus thy haun' ?
Ye canna sae soon earthly souns un'erstaun' :
But maybe the soul frae its first hour below
Instinctively shrinks frae the shadow o' woe ;
And has thy ain faither, while o' thee sae fain;
In daffin' thus caused thee thy first thrill o' pain ?

I see thee, sweet bairnie, a bud on life's tree,
Wi' twa shelterin' leaves in thy mither and me ;
I see thee, while sweeps the blight blast o'er the field,
Cour cozy and trustfully under thy bield ;
But twa bonnie buds o' mair promise than thee
Hae shrunk 'neath that shelter, and fa'en on the lea.

Alas ! I had better the spae trade let be,—
Already a heart-mist cluds up o'er my ee ;
For, lo ! on the first arch o' life's brig, wi' pain,
I see a sweet, cherub-faced, todlin' wee wean,
An orphan—the features I canna discern,
But surely they canna be thine, my ain bairn.

Oh, no! noo the heart-mist is dichtit awa',
And, rosy and curly, and hearty and braw,
I see oor ain Agnes, nae orphan, I ween,
Dance o'er a' life's arches frae ane to eighteen;
And then—the dark future's nae mair my concern—
Heaven best kens the lad that were worth sic a bairn.

Right puirly, I trow, wi' thy haun' hae I sped;
Let's see what grand things in thy face may be read:
Thou smil'st, and what merry cheek-dimples are seen!
And heaven's ain blue's in thy twa blinkin' een.
Cauld, cauld were the heart, and far harder than airn,
Could o' thee say waur than "God bless thee, my bairn."

Oh! what gars me sigh as I gaze on thy face,
And graces to come in its lineaments trace?
O' dangers to thee which nae love can avert,
What gars this vague fear creep sae cauld o'er my heart?
I'm thinkin', my bairn, on the battle o' life,
And wondering what skaith waits for thee in the strife.

Oh, never again, while thy weal is my care,
The dark, sinfu' regions o' spaedom I'll dare.
'Twere vain to expect thou wilt cost us nae tears
In our toil-wearied way through the dim hoped-for years;
But aye we'll see in thee, as sweet and as dear,
The Agnes awa' in the Agnes that's here.

THE BURN IN THE GLEN.

I WEEL lo'e the bluebell on heathery hills waving,
As dearly the pinkie that blooms in the fen;
But better I lo'e the wee burnie that's laving
The bloom-laden rowan-boughs doon in yon Glen.

The bluebell forsakes its sweet hame 'mang the heather,
In winter the pinkie aye hides frae my ken;
But darkly however auld Winter's frowns gather,
The bright blithesome burnie aye sings in the Glen.

The snawdrap I lo'e 'mang the withered grass springing,
As if it new hopes to poor mortals wad len';
The laverock I lo'e in the storm's shadow singing,
But mair the wee burnie that sings in the Glen.

For vainly the snawdrap at times blossoms near me;
As vainly the laverock aboon me sings then;
But never in vain are the efforts to cheer me,
Of yon bonnie burnie that sings in the Glen.

Langsyne in my boyhood, when Sorrow assailed me—
For Care preys on callans as weel's on auld men—
When comrades were jeeringly wondering what ailed me,
For refuge I fled to the burn in the Glen.

And there, 'mang the ferns sitting doon, dreaming wildly,
I wished that my days sae micht pass and sae en';
And aye, as in sympathy, roughly or mildly,
The burn wimpled by me, and sang in the Glen.

When love o'er my young heart at first flung its meshes,
And Fate weary days wi' Despair gar't me spen',
How aften I sped at the gloaming, my wishes
To breathe to the burnie that sings in the Glen!

How welcome to me was the screen o' the hazel!
'Twas pleasure to sigh whare nae jeerer could ken;
What cared I though midges my haffets might maizzle,
When soothed by the burnie that sang in the Glen?

And noo turning grey, and o' dreams sick and weary,
The sum o' my years, aiblins, in their last ten,
There's naething in Nature I lo'e half sae dearly
As yon bonnie burnie that sings in the Glen.

Its linns hae nae rivals—its flowers are the rarest,
E'en wanting the charm that wide distance can len';
The maidens that bathe in its pools are the fairest;
Nae music's sae sweet as its sang in the Glen.

THE COLLIER'S RAGGED WEAN.

He's up at early morning, howe'er the win' may blaw,
Lang before the sun comes roun' to chase the stars awa';
And 'mang a thoosand dangers, unkent in sweet daylight,
He'll toil until the stars again keek through the chilly night.
See the puir wee callan', 'neath the cauld clear moon!
His knees oot through his troosers and his taes oot through his shoon;
Wading through the freezing snaw, thinking owre again,
How happy every wean maun be that's no a collier's wean.

His cheeks are blae wi' cauld, and the chittering winna
cease,
To gie the hungry callan' time to eat his mornin' piece;
His lamp is burning on his head wi' feeble flickering ray,
And in his heart the lamp o' Hope is burning feebly tae.
Nae wonner that the callan's sweert to face his daily
toil,
Nae wonner he sae seldom greets the morning wi' a
smile;
For weel he kens he's growing up to face the cauld
disdain
That lang the world has measured oot to every collier's
wean.

The puir wee hirpling laddie! how mournfully he's
gaun,
Aye dichting aff the ither tear wi's wee hard hackit
haun'!
Sair, sair he's temptit 'mang the snaw to toom his flask
o' oil,
But ah!—ae flash o' faither's ire were waur than weeks
o' toil.

In vain the stars look on the youth wi' merry twinkling een,
Through clouds o' care sae dense as his their glory is nae seen;
He thinks 'twad been a better plan if coal had boon-most lain,
And wonners why his faither made a collier o' his wean.

Oh! ye that row in Fortune's lap, his waefu' story hear;
Aft sorrows no sae deep as his hae won a pitying tear;
And lichter wrangs than he endures your sympathy hae won—
Although he is a collier's, mind he's still a Briton's son.
And ye wha mak' and mend oor laws, tak' pity on the bairn;
Oh! bring him sooner frae the pit, and gie him time to learn:
Sae shall ye lift him frae the mire 'mang which he lang has lain,
And win a blessing frae the heart o' every collier's wean.

ELEGY,

NOT WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

NATURE's robe was autumn-tinted,
Golden tints that poets lo'e;
Rain to scanty showers was stinted,
Richly fell the needfu' dew.
Bloomin' on the ryegrass meadows
Babs o' clover-flowers were seen;
Darker grew the woodland shadows,
Darker grew the swellin' bean.

Brooding by the forest fountains,
Blackbirds sat, nae mair embowered;
Mistier 'mang their brother mountains
Tintoc and Ben Lomond towered.

Summer's hopes had grown maturer,
O'er despair the day seemed won;
For the farmer's wealth grew surer
With each settin' of the sun.

But the autumn hopes and beauty
Couldna tether wanderin' Death;
Grim and stern, he did his duty—
"Nickin' thread" and "chokin' breath."
And without a scythe or lister
(Baith in vain were tried before),
But wi' alcohol and blister,
He had stricken Willie M——e.

Willie was nae "freak o' nature;"
Strappin', straucht, and strong was he;
But, devoted to the *creature*,
Willie's sin was barley-bree.
Thochtless as an unshod fillie,
He had lived through sun and storm,
And had been the drouthiest billie
Ever patronised a worm:

Sairly Willie's comrades miss't him,
For his jokes were rich and rare;
Aften owre their drams they blessed him—
Drams they could but barely spare.
Aft (for lees are deemed nae sinnin'
When the dram ca's round the crack)
They had sworn they saw him grinnin',
Cauld and ghastly, at their back.

See them on a winter e'enin',
While the sleet is fa'in' fast,
And the beeches, northward leanin',
Sway like willows in the blast:
See them from their ingles venturin',
Scornfu' o' their temptsome glouff,
And, defyin' tempest, saunterin'
Slowly to their whisky-houff.

Blest wi' boxfu's of tobacco,
Owre and owre their pipes they fill,
Round they drive the burnin' aqua,
And the red deceivin' yill.

Each displays, nae gesture lackin',
A' his wisdom and his lore;
Till at last they fell a-crackin'
Of their comrade, Willie M——.

Loudly they declared his praises,
Willie's was an honoured name—
Fair and fresh as summer daisies,
Lang wad last his fisher fame.
"But," quoth ane, wi' whisky flurried,
"Tell me, callans, ere we flit,
Should oor comrade no been buried,
Whare he wished, at Waterfit?

"Aft amang the hazel bushes,
Dippin' down in purlin' Cart,
He has tell't me a' the wishes
Of his warm and honest heart.
'Here,' quoth he, 'when Death wins owre me,
When I'm heukit, stiff, and dead,
'Neath thae brackens straught afore ye,
Lay my auld grey frostit head.

"'Let my rod be buried wi' me,
Wi' my flees that ocht could kill;
Syne, when mortals canna see me,
Up I'll get and fish my fill.
Lang ere cock-craw or hen-cackle
I'll be stannin' on yon stane;
Man! what glorious fish I'll tackle,
Jist to let awa' again!

"'Or, when tired of rod and ripple,
When the stars wink in the burn,
When auld neebors meet to tipple,
To a spirit-fish I'll turn.
See me then wi' rapture playin'
In the skinkle of the moon,
Or by haughs and holmlands strayin',
Fear't for neither dam nor linn.

"'Aft when lint-powed Willie M—h—n
Whips the stream wi' a' his skill,
I, unseen, ahint him splauchin',
Sair will tease my comrade Will.

Whiles, a flashin' braw four-pounder,
I will frae the stream be drawn;
Losh! how cheatit Will will wonder
As I, slippin', leave his haun'!

"'Whiles, in peebly shallows strandit,
In I'll tempt him, shoon and a';
Syne, while on his back he's landit,
Doon the stream I'll scour awa'.
Whiles, amang the boulders hidin',
I will jouk him for an hour,
Then, in fifty fish dividin',
Frae his claspit fingers scour.

"'Clarkston chiels, and chaps frae Thorny,*
To some ither stream may flit,
For, by a' the imps of Horny,
Nocht they'll get at Waterfit.†

* *Thorny*—Thornliebank.
† *Waterfit*—Waterfoot, a village on the White Cart.

Ginlers there will get their farin'—
Deil nor they were a' defunck!—
And the otter, pike, and heron,
Meet wi' mony a sair begunk.'

"Thus were Willie's wishes spoken,
Ere he dee'd but twa short weeks,
And though whiles I thocht him jokin',
Tears were trintlin' doon his cheeks.
Oh! that he had langer tarried,
To be wi' us whare we sit;
Or that he had jist been buried,
As he wished, at Waterfit."

Need I tell how the replenished
Gill-stoup round the board had flown,
Ere the mist of sorrow vanished,
And the sun of pleasure shone;
How ilk pouch of cash was eniptied,
How they lingered, drouthy still—
How wi' promised trout they temptit
In the grudged and tickit gill?

Need I tell ye Will's connection
Wi' their toasts, though cauld he lay;
How they planned his resurrection,
And his second burial-day;
How of fishin' feats they swaggered,
As they drank, and drier grew;
Till at early morn they staggered
Hameward, brethren sworn—but fou?

A STORY.

Ance near oor toon there leeved a man,
O' means and substance guid;
His veins—'twas saé the story ran—
Were filled wi' gentle bluid.

But o' whate'er degree his bluid,
Aę weighty fact was clear—
The man was worth o' guineas guid
Twa hunner every year.

A cottage hame, wi' a' complete
That comfort needs, had he;
A wife wi' lady-manners sweet,
And chubby angels three.

And he had shelfs o' chosen books
To wauken dreams o' fame,
Wi' sunny smiles and happy looks
To cheer his hours at hame.

To certain noble virtues he
Wi' reason could pretend;
He practised ceaseless industry—
When he had ought to spend.

And frae his meek and bonny Jess
(For mild and fair was she)
His fancy never roamed—unless
When ithers took his ee.

The cash that should his weans defend
Frae wants aye drawin' nigh,
It ne'er cam in his head to spend—
Unless when he was dry.

He aye approved o' Jessie's plan
Frae debt far wide to steer;

In short, he was a model man—
Unless when on the beer.

But oft, alas! wi' jovial foes
He spent a noisy night;
Nor glowered an inch before his nose
To see if a' was right.

And then his motto was, "Be mine
The joys debauch can gie;
If Care defies the warmth o' wine,
He'll ne'er be fear't for tea."

And aften he ignored the wife
That should hae been his boast,
To ruin credit, means, and life,
Wi' hizzies at the coast.

If then a thought o' Jessie durst
Across his memory steal,
His feeling was, "My pleasure first,
And then the family's weal."

On, on he ran in Ruin's airt,
The chief o' mony fools,
Till Jessie, wi' a broken heart,
Was laid amang the mools.

And on, still on, in giddy whirl,
Till a' his bairns were gane;
And in a cauld and freenless worl'
He ran his race alane.

Still on, and downward, still he sank,
From trouble never free;
He ance had pleasure when he drank,
Now pleasures none had he.

Still downward, grade by grade, he passed,
In spite o' bluid and pride;
The fearfu' climax came at last—
He died—a suicide.

Yet some that lo'ed him weel declare
The faut was no his ain,—

That less depends on rank and lair
Than fashion o' the brain.

They say that guid and evil rule,
Each throned below oor hair;
That ye are wise, and I'm a fool,
Just as their power is there;

And cry, "Be charitable, ye
Whase craniums, balanced weel,
Frae social vices keep ye free,
And distant frae the deil.

"Ye righteous, wha can only thole
The pure in thought and deed,
Before ye sink a neebor's soul,
Tak' time, and fin' his head."

But we, that scarce the drift can see
O' words sae glib and nice,
Suspect the maudlin' charity
That shrinks from blaming Vice.

COME SOBER HAME AT E'EN.

THERE ance was woe at oor fireside,
And want as weel as woe;
Sair, sair we toiled, but ne'er had ought
But poortith for't to show:
For John was unco foolish then,
And aft for weeks, I ween,
Wad traik wi' worthless men, and ne'er
Cam' sober hame at e'en.

But noo there's joy at oor fireside,
And though we yet toil sair,
We've pleasure wi' oor wark, for thrift
Gangs haun' in haun' wi' care.
For John is turned a wiser man,
He's what he aye should been,

And wadna for a worl' come ought
But sober hame at e'en.

There ance were scenes at oor fireside
That bairns should never see,
When I forgat to houp, and feared
The warst that weel might be.
But oh! it's unco hard to houp
When Want's before us seen—
Sic want as needna be, if men
Cam' sober hame at e'en.

But noo there's peace at oor fireside,
Sic peace as angels lo'e,
For aye oor transient clouds o' care
Bright houps are blinkin' through.
The bairns are blithe, and John ne'er sits
Wi' red remorsefu' een,
As aft he sat, when he by chance
Cam' sober hame at e'en.

We often wish at oor fireside,
That a' the worl' micht see
How happy folks that never drink
Around the hearth may be.
And oh! that a' the worl' were blithe
As I hae ever been,
Through a' the years that John has aye
Come sober hame at e'en.

SABBATH MORN.

A COUNTRY PICTURE.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—A drizzling rain
Around Garcloss at dawn was showering;
But now the sun looks out again,
Dundyvan's impious gleam o'erpowering.
The eastern clouds are purple-fringed,
The woods are with his glory tinged.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—The shrieking hail
Of engines breaks no rest this morning,
Save when the nation-serving mail
Flies past, its presence loudly horning;
While echoes far o'er moor and hill
The locomotive matin shrill.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—From Campsie braes
The veil of mist is fast unrolling;
And hark! how sweetly Boreas plays
On yonder wires his hymn Æolian!—
Last night 'twas but a sound of course;
To-day it hath an anthem's force.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—An early thrush
With new, with spring-born pleasure panting,
Sits on yon naked hawthorn bush,
Of Spring's return no doubt descanting;
And now and then a clear joy-note
Gives to the listening moor his thought.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—Yon mossy burn
Runs brownly on, but oft it pauses,
And 'mong its grasses seems to turn,
As if it would inquire what causes
The unwonted absence on its banks
Of childhood's laugh and merry pranks.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—Sweet burn ! it knows
No Sabbath—no dear time of resting ;
Like Time itself, it onward flows,
No moment lost, no atom wasting ;
Now nourishing some thirsty flower,
Now proudly aiding human power.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—The Sabbath bell,
Methinks it knows not where Garcloss is ;
Why comes its voice not here to tell,
Among the answering woods and mosses,
That there's another week away,
And that to-day is Sabbath-day ?

'Tis Sabbath morn.—The monthly pay
Occurred last night. The monthly fuddle
Last night began, and still to-day
Continues minds and brains to muddle:
No thought of bells to-day is there—
Nor cares, except the *creature* care.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—O sacred morn,
To slavery ever antidotal!
Behold where men thy presence scorn,
Esteeming thee beneath the bottle—
Devoting, careless of the soul,
Thy precious time to alcohol.

'Tis Sabbath morn.—Thy morn, O Toil!
The morn of morns! time's richest blessing:
Is this the way to meet its smile,
With gross debauch the brain oppressing?
Thou know'st 'twas given for good to man;
Seek'st thou to mar that glorious plan?

'Tis Sabbath morn.—Oh! littleness
Immense!—oh! cause of saddest sorrow!
Dear brother-atoms of the mass,
Be sober on the Sabbath morrow.
Would you from Ruin's fetters flee,
Be sober, and at length be free!

JOHN RIFLEMAN.

"JOHN RIFLEMAN, my husband, come in owre to the fire,
But first fling aff your sodger's cap and jaupit green attire;
Your pouther-pouch fling on the shelf, your gun ahint the door;
But dinna leave it loaden't, John, as ance ye did before.

"What's taigled ye the night, John? You're surely late a wee;
I'm sure this strucken hour and mair I've waited for my tea.
I dinna grudge, when guid's the cause, alane at e'en to sit;
But, John, wi' thir untimeous teas, my head's jist like to split."

In silence John his claithin' changed, syne to the fire drew near,
And wi' a smile, "Guidwife," quo' he, "it's pleasant to be here.
May ill befa' thae fickle French wha cause sae muckle toil,
Wi' threatenin' to blaw up oor toons, and sink our bonny isle."

"But sure," quo' Mrs Rifleman, "they'll swither when they hear
Hoo every wife has made her man a Rifle Volunteer.
Ye maun sen' owre a letter, John, and warn them o' their fa',
And tell them ye can shoot them doon a lang half-mile awa'."

"Hae faith, dear Mrs Rifleman, and trust we'll do oor best
To keep the French frae comin' here to break your mornin's rest.

We'll gang and meet them at the Shotts, or on the
Mearns Muir,
And 'mang the heather lay their banes, to bleach for
ages there."

But sonsy Marion Rifleman, still dubious, shook her
head:
"They'll some o' them lie doon," quo' she, "pretendin'
to be dead;
And while upon the field ye lie, secure 'neath Victory's
wing,
Disaster to your ain auld toon the coward loons may
bring."

"I hae't!" quo' bauld John Rifleman: "I will mysel'
propose
That a' oor *corps* should stay at hame, and wait upon
oor foes:
On Cadzow Brig we'll take oor staun', and if they
winna turn,
We'll drap them as they come, or grip and fling them
in the burn."

But still sweet Mrs Rifleman her safety couldna see ;
"There still might ane or twa escape your gun and grip," quo' she.
"I think I hear them on the stair, I see them comin' ben,
And what can ae puir woman do against twa armit men?"

John Rifleman his young mustache wi' thoom and finger fan',
Quo' he, "My bonnie timorous May, I've jist ae ither plan :
I'll stay at hame and take my staun' upon oor ain stair-head,
And aye, whene'er they venture up, I'll shoot the scoon'rels dead."

"I kent my ain John Rifleman wad plan't at last," she cried ;
"And I shall aid wi' a' my skill to guard oor ain fireside.

I'll keep a goblet boilin' aye, the biggest in the toon,
And while your gun your loadenin', John, I'll jaup a jugfu' doon."

Sae, loyal wives, tak' Marion's plan—nae wife need o't think shame;
Hae rowth o' water boilin' aye, and keep your men at hame,
And ye shall see, if blows maun be, they'll hit baith fast and hard,
For whare's the man that wadna fecht, his lady-love to guard?

THE DEEIN' FISHER.

GANG, Jenny, bring my fishing-book,
And lay't doon by my side,
That I ance mair may view the lines
And flees that were my pride;
I'll spread them out upon the mat,
And sort them ane by ane,
And think I'm on some burnie's bank,
Some cloudy day in June.

And have I on ye spent, my flees,
Sae mony hours in vain?
And will ye ne'er in haun's o' mine
Deceive a troot again?
Maun I ne'er mair in Avon drook
Your wings, my bonny flees,
Nor fin' the caller water plash
Sae kin'ly owre my knees?

There, Jenny, lay them by again,
I'm jist like ony wean,
Wi' trifles for a moment pleased,
Wi' trifles filled wi' pain.
Oh, sirs! but they've a weary time
On creeping Doom wha wait,
Expectin' morn and e'en to hear
His trumpet at the gate.

Dear Jenny! wa in wedlock's yoke
Hae drawn thegither weel;
Though ae troot meltit* frae a tak',
Ye didna often squeel.
Ye ne'er wi' gloomy leuks against
My only pleasure stood,
Nor grudged an antrin idle day
When streams were in the tid.

In vain the Shirra warn't me, Jen',
In vain he fin't me sair;

* *Meltit*—was exchanged for whisky.

To hae oor hard-won siller back
I us't my rod the mair.
I ken I should the salmon spared
That socht oor streams to spawn;
But them that law forbids to fish
Maun tak' jist when they can.

But, Jenny, noo it's owre; nae mair
I'll paidle in the Clyde;
Nae mair my rod owre Avon wave
Wi' a' a fisher's pride.
Thy stream, Carbarns, I'll roop nae mair,
Nor up the water steer,
And frae thy dark deep pools, Dalserf,
The pike in triumph bear.

This worl' is jist a river, Jen',
Wi' human shoals aye thrang;
Some strugglin' aye against the stream,
Some cannie borne alang.
And Death stauns owre't wi' otter-line,
Oot liftin' ten by ten,

Syne whare we're taen, or hoo we're us't,
We guess, but naething ken.

And I am jist a puir lean troot
That in the pan wad burn,
And, strugglin' past the otter-line,
Am liftit in my turn.
Oh! but to leeve and shield the bairns,
When want or winter ca's,
I wad gie a' that ever swam
'Tween Ailsa and the Fa's.

Ay, Jenny, weel the tear o' grief
May shimmer in thy ee;
Though wee and feckless, I hae been
A kin' guidman to thée.
He's comin' fast, that creditor
Wha maun hae a' that's awn;
I see the settin' sun, but when
Or whare will come the dawn?

Oh, Jenny, when the time comes roun'
To lay me 'neath the swaird,

Say will ye try and get me laid
In auld Cam'nethan yaird ?
For when the last lood trumpet-note
Frae Death's grip sets me free,
I like to think I'll rise and hae
The Water in my ee.

THAT GLOAMIN' LANGSYNE.

THE westlin' sky's glowing
With June's parting smile,
The collier is thinking
Of morn's irksome toil:
O'er woodland and meadow
Yon rain-cloud hath passed,
And now from its bosom
The bow's fading fast:
Sae faded Hope's bow on that gloamin' langsyne,
When deeply ye lee'd, May, and wadnae be mine.

Since then, oh! how slowly
Time's creepit awa!
How scantly life's joy-gleams
Hae fa'en round us twa!

Ae weary wish wrinkling
Our brows day by day;
And ae regret robing
Our thochts a' in grey.
Oh! what had we dune to be parted sae lang?
While loving sae fondly, May, what led us wrang?

Awa o'er the ocean,
Whare lang I sojourned,
Of growing wealth careless,
Our parting I mourned.
I fancied ye happy,
Wi' bairns but and ben,
Ae blithe blooming lassie,
And lads growing men:
Love-glances I saw that I thocht wad been mine,
But for the cauld words on that gloamin' langsyne.

Ah, May! how I envied
Your love and your smile
And grudged that anither
Should aye for ye toil!

Alas! never dreaming
That, bairnless and lane,
Ye focht your ain battle,
And help socht frae nane;
And nursed the sweet hope that ere life ye should tyne,
Ye'd richt a' the wrangs o' that gloamin' langsyne.

Oh! had some kind angel
But whispered, "She's free,
And wishing and wearying
And waiting for thee;"
Had Hope ever whispered
A dream half sae sweet,
How fast o'er the ocean
I'd flown to thy feet!
But how could I think ye for me e'er wad pine,
Or fancy ye mourned o'er that gloamin' langsyne?

But farewell, repining!
False pride's left us noo;
Lang, lang's been the trial,
But safe we've won through.

Though worn and sair shaken
Wi' tempests blawn past,
Our barks in Love's haven
Hae anchored at last.
My joys shall be yours, May, your cares shall be mine,
And pleasure will spring from that gloamin' langsyne.

THE DEIL IN THE PIT.

A TALE.

WHEN deils of endless darkness tire,
And regions of eternal fire,
Or, maybe, of the zeal relentin'
Wi' which they've been puir souls tormentin',
Forsake their ancient vile vocation,
The dread of every Christian nation,
And cause of muckle deathbed mournin',
And tak' to honest table-turnin',
Folk think that fame has been at fau't,
And that they're no as ill's they're ca't.

But whiles they in their upward flight,
Jist ere they reach the realms of light,

In dreary caves, that venturous men
Hae houkit mony a fathom ben,
Rest for a wee to reconnoitre,
Or frae their tails to shake the nitre.
Syne when they've heard the engine's clank,
And keekit up the dreepin' shank,
And seen, wi' dazzled een, afar,
The sunlight, like a setting star,
And heard the rumblin', rattlin' din
Of hutches hurried oot and in,
And wonner't if the swarthy chiels
That drave them could be kindred deils,
Condemned, like them, for unco sin,
To toil without a sun or moon,—
They wale the pit's most lonely places,
To show their grim unearthly faces,
Whiles frichtin' puir folk into fits,
Or a'thegither oot their wits.—
What wonder, then, if folks complain
Aboot their deilships' length of chain,
And doot the wisdom of the plan
That lets them face to face wi' man?

I dinna doot but some wha read
May curl the lip and shake the head,
And think, when colliers swear they see
Sic unco things, they simply—lee.
Be canny, freens—ye may be wrang;
There's evidence, baith guid and lang,
To prove sic wondrous things hae happen't;
And men, whase words can weel be lippen't,
Aft forms hae seen wad gar't your hair
Staun' up like thrashes in the air.

Ah, Nick! it's mean, and far frae fair,
To let your legions linger there:
The place is aye owre gloomy far—
Why should their presence make it waur?
Na! you yoursel', they say wha ken,
Whiles show yoursel' to leevin' men,
No to your sulphurous hame to light them,
But merely wi' your tail to fright them.
Is that ocht like (I mean nae praise)
Your glorious deeds in ancient days?

Langsyne ye was a deil of might,
And far aboon sic puny spite:
Of sic wee deeds ye wadna thought
When ye wi' doughty Gabriel fought.
I say again, it's far frae fair—
They hae nae richt to linger there;
But when the central fires they lea',
Straught to the surface let them flee,
And show their haives and horns aboon,
Whare folk at least hae room to rin.
Their pit-wark only mars their glory.—
But I maun hasten to my story.

Lang years sinsyne, before the pit
Was deemed for wives a place unfit,
Upon as bright a summer dawn
As ever grew upon our laun',
A body might hae seen twa men
Draw near the Gin-pit at Spooten'—
Twa colliers, as their dress declared,
And for their dreary darg prepared,

Each wi' his pipe aboon his lug,*
And fit-cloots † in his oxter snug;
Their picks upon their shouthers clankit,
As owre the stoory pad they spankit.

The ane gaun first was Patie Kelly,
A man less bound to back than belly;
He ne'er was kent to weet his sark,
Nor hurt his haun's or arms wi' wark.
His greatest foe he wadna wrang't for't,
And could hae leeved whare folk were hang't for't;
An endless "crack," a mighty smoker,
And wi' nae rival as a joker:
A *poet* too—we truth maun tell;
He hawkit sangs he'd made himsel,
And ne'er wi' customers wad differ,
Though he for gills his books should niffer.

* The custom was, and is, to put their pipes into a hole in their pit caps, leaving only the bowl visible.

† It was then customary for colliers to wear pieces of old cloth rolled round their feet instead of shoes. These "cloots" were generally tied on at the pit-head.

He wore a coat of scarlet hue,
That had been worn at Waterloo;
A cut upon its arm was seen,
Whare ance a Frenchman's sword had been.
Nae threed nor needle Pate could thole
To mar the glory o' that hole—
No! though a blast oot through't should blaw,
Eneuch to cut his arm in twa.

Though but ae shillin' it had cost,
Yet through't sae mony days were lost,
The folk aboot Spooten' aft sware
It cost its weight in gold, and mair.

That day was deemed a day accurst
That Patie at the pit was first:
The tow wad break, or picks gang blunt,
Or some puir soul be hurt or brunt.
Yet aft the loon wad sleep a' Sunday,
So that he might be first on Monday.
In short, whate'er his freens might say,
He dearly lo'ed an idle day,

Yet seemed as weel to wun alang
As them that aye were workin' thrang.

However, on the morn in question,
He seemed to hae nae thocht of restin',
But trodged alang wi' eident speed.
But Pate has something in his head;
A humorous twinkle lights his ee,—
But patience, reader! wait a wee.

Aboot his neebor there was naething
To gar a stranger glower, but ae thing;
That was the plain between his een,
Whare, when a bairn, his nose had been;
But noo, between his whiskers, twa
Roun' holes was a' the nose ye saw.
A face to be lang min't was Johnnie's,
And Pate and he were freens and cronies;
He fir't the balls that Patie made,
And sware to everything he said.

See hoo, as after Pate he's gaun,
He chokes his laughter wi' his haun'.

What can be ticklin' Johnnie Bell?
Have patience, reader! time will tell.

But let us hasten to Spooten',
And staun' among the duddy men,
And lassies braw, wi' rosy cheeks,
And coats preen't up like Turkish breeks.
(Alas that een sae bright as thae
Should ever lea' the light o' day!)
And why thus idly do they staun',
The unlichtit can'le in each haun'?
What gars them crood the pit aroun'?
What gars thae three or four glower doun
Wi' open mooths and widened een?
Is ocht extror'nar to be seen?
What strange thing ettle they to hear?
Come forrit, honest Pate, and speir.

"What's wrang?" said Patie, glowerin' roun',
And on his hunkers courin' doun.
"What's wrang?" said Johnnie. "Ane may say
It's awfu' like an idle day."

"Whisht, neebors, whisht!" said sneevlin' Sannie,
"There's something in the pit no cannie.
The owresman's up and led awa',
Wi' face as white's the driven snaw;
He canna speak, but Matthew Strang
And Jock's gane doun to see what's wrang."

"Tuts! nonsense," Pate was sneerin', when
A cry came frae the pit, "Oh men!
Wind fast!" Roun' flew the gin like fury,
The horse was ne'er in sic a hurry:
A jiffy brang the corf* to light,
Revealin', sirs! an unco sight!
Puir Matthew in its bottom lay,
As white's a cloot, as cauld as clay;
While doun his stronger brither's face
The cauld sweat, streamin', left its trace,
As he, to save puir Matthew fain,
Wi' grasp of death clung to the chain.

* *Corf*—a large basket made of hazel or mountain-ash branches, in which coal was brought up, and in which the men stood while ascending or descending.

Wi' eager haun's the corf they struck,
And liftit Matthew, wat as muck;
His draiglit coat some hurry aff,
The cool air in his face some waff,
A wheen staun' roun' in mute dismay,
And ithers rin for Doctor Ray.

Puir Matthew's joe, 'twas sad to see her,
As doun her cheeks ran tear on tear,
While frae her heart the wailin' brake,
That modesty wad fain kept back,
Till owre to kneel beside the man
That was to be her ain she ran,
And took his haun' and spoke his name,
And grat, and had nae thocht of shame.
Wi' him she loved, pale, cauld, and dein',
What cared the maid whase een were seein'!
She kissed his cheek — 'twas love's first
kiss—
Fast through him ran the thrill of bliss.
He waukened, strangely stared, and spoke,
"God help us! let us rin! Whare's Jock?"

Then drew a long, deep, heavin' breath,—
A sigh that seemed the sigh of death.

"Pate," whispered Johnnie, "see his ee!
We'll better rin—he'll maybe dee."
"Staun' still," quoth Pate; "glower and be dumb,
The best o't a' is yet to come;
Let's light our pipes and tak' oor smokes."
Pate, as I've said, was fond of jokes,
But whether he was jokin' then,
As yet, of course, we dinna ken.

Meantime the news had reached Spooten';
Wives, weans, auld women, and auld men,
Ran to the pit like folk dementit,
As if they had destruction scentit,
Or feared that auld Gomorrah's doom
Would instantly the raws consume.
The young folks first, a' pechin', rin,
The auld folks wachlet on ahin';
And bairns, to whom the road was dreech,
Cam toddlin' slowly at head-screech.*

* *Head-screech*—screaming at their loudest pitch of voice.

There huzzies wha their necks should scrubbit,
In haste their een hae only rubbit;
And while their petticoats they're tyin',
On wi' Camilla speed are flyin'.
There new-made wives their haun's are wringin',
There weans to mithers' necks are clingin',
Whase preenless shortgowns are revealin'
The founts of life that seek concealin'.
Their hair on en' is wavin' high,
Their mutches on their shouthers lie;
For wha on sic an awfu' mornin'
Could think upon the head's adornin'?
The super-prudent might have blamed,
And maidens, lacking hearts, been 'shamed;
But common folk like us, I ween,
Would charitably heard and seen.
Still as they puff and pech alang,
Each at the ither speirs "What's wrang?"
For even yet they werena sure
What 'twas that gar't them rin sae sair.
See, closing up the queer display,
Though last, not least, comes Doctor Ray;

E'en he seems redder in the face,
And walks at an unwonted pace.
But while a' this we've been relatin',
The crowd are Matthew's case debatin';
Indeed, his life seemed still at stake,
For wan he was, and unco weak;
And, as if fear't what might be seen,
Still closely steekit kept his een.

But here's the Doctor come at last;
He says immediate danger's past,
But care and quietness recommends,
Then to the wants of Jock attends;
Syne how the thing had happened speir't.
Quoth Jock, "Ye ken I ne'er was fear't,
But he that fearless yon could see,
I'll own a better man than me.

"When we gaed doun, we stood and listened,
But nocht we heard, syne on we hastened,
First up the brae, syne roun' the faces,
But a' was right in a' the places;

And Matthew there had jist been sayin',
'The owresman has some trick been playin;
We're roun' and half-way oot the level,
And no as muckle's smell't the devil,
When, sir, we heard a wailin' soun'
Up Tamson's Drift,* and, leukin' roun',
Saw twa great een, like fire-lamps burnin'—
Be sure we werena slack of turnin';
But hardly had we turned aboot,
When, Lord! our can'le baith gaed oot.
Then sic a soun' of rattlin' chains,
Sic wailin' cries and moans and granes—
The chains of fifty thoosan' deils,
Seemed to be rattlin' at our heels:
I'm sure I thocht my death was there,
And never thocht to see you mair.
Puir Matthew swarf't, as weel he might,
For 'twas an unco soun' and sight!
Wi' facht up in my arms I got him,
And warslet wi' him to the bottom:

* *Tamson's Drift*—the road leading to the place where "Tamson" wrought.

To keep him right I did my best;
My head's fell sair—ye ken the rest."
The Doctor smiled, syne reasoned weel
To prove it couldna be the deil,
But couldna shake his hearers' faith—
The deil was there, as sure as death!

By this time Mr Tom, the master,
Had heard about the morn's disaster,
And hurried owre to see aboot it—
He heard, but, like the Doctor, dootit.
In truth, the master had guid reason
To think Nick's visit out of season;
For he was bound to serve a mill,
And no a coal had on the hill:
Besides, he couldna see why Nick
Should serve him such a dirty trick—
He wha sae lang, wi' zeal most fervent,
Had been his most obedient servant.

He fumed, and sware the men were lyin';
But, stop—a thocht—'twas worth the tryin';

A gallon of the best might dae't—
A trifle—so he turned to Pate:

"Would Peter go and face this phantom?
If such a favour he would grant him,
He'd pay his wages every farthing,
And stand a gallon to the bargain."

Pate seemed to swither—clawed his head—
He didna like to win his bread
By fechting deils; besides, the wife
Might set some value on his life;
At least he wadna gang his sel'.
"I'll venture too," said Johnnie Bell;
And, steppin' owre wi' manly stride,
He took his place at Patie's side.

Behold them, then, prepared to meet
That Prince that's cloven in the feet,
The enemy of a' mankind,
Whom mortal ne'er could kill or bind.
Did ever men sae bravely dare?
Was e'er there sic a venturous pair?

Twa heroes they mair glorious far
Than a' our mighty men of war.
"Oh, Pate, don't gang!" "Stay up, oh, Johnnie!"
That was the guid advice of mony;
But they were men of noblest mettle,
And stuck to their immortal ettle.
Could Mrs Kelly no dissuade?
Alas! she snug in bed is laid:
She hasna heard the morn's alarm,
Or trusts her Pate will meet nae harm;
She kens him for a wily dodger—
For Johnnie Bell, he's but a lodger.

Pate blithely spoke—"If it be Satan,
For guidsake dinna keep us waitin',
But lift us quickly when we cry:
Come, Johnnie, then, our luck we'll try."
Then in the corf they step, and roun'
The gin creeps slowly till they're doun.

Lang seemed the time till they cam' back,
But no a voice was raised in crack.

Pale faces 'mang the crowd were seen,
Up to the lift were turned some een;
Though twenty weans in arms were seen,
By nae ane was a whimper gi'en;
And Matthew Strang's Newfoundland whelp,
Though sairly trod on, scorned to yelp.
The Doctor roamed about alane;
Still wonderin' what the folk had ta'en;
While Mr Tom stood, vex't and still,
His een coost owre his empty hill.

But frae the pit, hark! comes a soun'—
"Heave up!" Again the gin flees roun'.
Up comes the corf; ye powers! what's that
In Patie's haun'? *a big black cat;*
Its green een startin' frae its head,
For Patie's grip had choked it dead.
"There, sir," quoth Patie, "is your deil;
I trust he's left your freens a' weel."
"And there," quoth Johnnie, "is his chain;
He'll never gie't a shake again."

Ah, Patie, Patie! lang unmatched
At jokin', noo, I fear, you're catched;
Ah, Johnnie, him ye liked to ape
At last has led ye in a scrape.
'Twas wrang the bogle's form to show—
Ye should hae left the cat below;
Beneath the tail o' some auld fa'
Ye should hae hidden't, chains an' a'.
Owre dangerous was the joke that's past;
And the reward that's comin' fast
Will gar ye mind through comin' time
It's but a step frae fun to crime.

Wee Johnnie scarce had named the chain,
When forrit to him stepped Jean Main,
A hizzie frae the south o' Fife,
A touzie tairge, the owresman's wife.
"Let's see the chain!" she cried; "it's mine;
I coft it no a week sinsyne.
Whare gat ye't?" Johnnie, ta'en aback,
Hung down his head, and naething spak.

"Whare gat ye't?" (rowin' up her sleeves,
And shakin' in his face her nieves).
"Ye nasty, noseless, sneevelin' snachle,
No fit to be a guid man's bachle!
Ye'll steal folk's chains, and fricht folk's men;
Ye ape-faced nyaff, I dinna ken
What hauds my haun's. Were't worth my
while,
I'd trail ye through the sheugh a mile!"
Then steppin' owre to Pate a pace,
"A preen wad gar me break your face!"

Wrath flashed in every matron's ee,
Like furies round the twa they flee,
Some cryin', "Fling them doon the heugh!"
And ithers, "Dook them in the sheugh!"
(The sheugh, whare lang-drooned cats were
soomin'!—
Wha can believe the thocht was human?)

Then in a twinklin' baith were grippit,
And in the dirty ditch were dippit;

Syne, by the orders o' Jean Main,
They by the legs and arms were taen,
And, "Ance! Twice!! Thrice!!!" in air they
swung them,
Then in the filthy water flung them;
Syne peltit them wi' sticks and stanes,
Nor cared though they had broken banes.
Sic furies, in sae queer a scene,
I trow on earth had never been.

Ere lang our heroes up the bank
Were scramblin' (safe us! how they stank!)
The coat that lang was Patie's pride
Is noo wi' nauseous mud re-dyed;
Amang the rents it noo can boast,
Alas! the honoured sword-cut's lost.
Their huggers trail out-owre their taes,
A filthy stream dreeps aff their claes;
Wi' mud the hair sticks to each brow,
O' mud their lugs and mooths are fu'.
But though thus marred their sense o' hearing,
They brawly ken the men are cheerin',

And hear the treble o' Jean Main,
"Let's grip and dook the loons again!"
And see her at an unco pace,
While vowin' vengeance, lead the chase!
"Rin, Johnnie, rin!" quo' Pate; "come on—
If in their hands again, we're gone."

Then through the hedge at ance they dartit,
Nor fan' hoo sair their skin was scartit;
Across the park like hares they flew,
A black trail leavin' 'mang the dew;
And soon, wi' fricht and hurry pantin',
They reached the shelter o' the plantin'.
How far they ran we dinna ken—
They ne'er mair ventured to Spooten'.

ANNIE LONNIE.

When on Crimean steppes War's trump
It's irefu' blast was blawin',
When mony youths in ilka toun
To sergeant-wiles were fa'in',
In wrath I left my faither's hearth,
Whare peacefu' joys were mony,
And reckless joined a sodger band,
Forgetting Annie Lonnie.

My faither hoose and looms wad pawn't
Frae oot the ranks to buy me,
And sware that nocht he had on earth
He ever wad deny me.

For mither (in the mools langsyne)
To 's care had left her Johnnie,
Forbye a tender orphan-bairn,
The gentle Annie Lonnie.

In vain my waefu' faither pled,
In vain the winsome maiden;
Cauld pride denied their boon, although
My een in mist were wadin'.
In vain they spak o' battle-fields,
Whare Death flew grim and gory,
For I had sworn the sodger's oath,
And dreamed his dream of glory.

"Oh, faither, plead nae mair!" I cried—
"Oh! plead nae mair, sweet Annie;
I hae been wrang—I hae been rash,
But leave them noo I canna.
Your prayers frae fatal lead and steel
Will guard your worthless Johnnie,
And we wi' joy will meet again—
Fareweel, dear Annie Lonnie!"

My faither put my haun' in hers;
Quoth he, "My wilfu' callan',
I hae a fear that never mair
We'll meet within our hallan.
Then promise that at your return
Ye'll ne'er tak up wi' ony,
But mak the ae aim o' your life
The weal o' Annie Lonnie."

I promised.—On the deck I stood,
And watched the shore recedin';
And lang the house at hame I saw,
And heard my Annie pleadin';
Till 'mid the novelty of war,
Of sodger life and dangers,
The waefu', peerless pair at hame
Amang my thochts were strangers.

At Inkermann I focht and fell;
And while the field seemed reelin',
And while upon my senses crept
The painless ebb of feelin',

I saw between me and the sky
  My hame, sae calm and bonny,
And wad hae gi'en a worl' to press
  The haun' of Annie Lonnie.

In hospital for weary months
  I lay a helpless lodger,
Till art and gentle hands restored
  The maimed and fameless sodger.
And then cam news frae hame—the warst
  That e'er had come to ony—
My faither gane, and in the world
  Alane my Annie Lonnie.

We sailed.—Oh! how I wished for wings
  To skim across the ocean!
And fretted when nae wish of mine
  Could speed the vessel's motion.
I fancied how sweet Annie's smile
  Would greet the welcome Johnnie;
And, oh! how happy I should be
  To toil for Annie Lonnie!

I hurried hame.—The blinds were closed,
The doors were barred or lockit;
I trembled wi' a nameless dread,
And yet again I knockit.
"Is't here whare Annie Lonnie bides?"
I speir't a neebor callan'.
"Ay, but she's dead"—I heard nae mair,
But sank beside the hallan.

* * * *

Ye see this medal on my breast—
It tells in pairt my story,
But canna tell how felly fate
Has read my dream of glory.
But aye I think I could hae leeved,
And been as blithe as ony,
Had I cam' hame in time to close
The een of Annie Lonnie.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

THE sword of the Lord for His people hath beamed,
Its flash in the eyes of the heathen hath gleamed,
And the army of Ammon, once Israel's alarm,
Is broken and scattered like smoke in the storm.

Destruction hath passed o'er the country in haste,
The city's a ruin, the vineyard a waste,
And the valiant of Israel return from war's toil,
Elated with victory and burdened with spoil.

Behold where the raven-tressed virgins advance
With joy-sounding timbrel and welcoming dance,
While gratitude swells up in song to the Lord
For father and brother and neighbour restored.

See! Queen of the dancers, the daughter of him
Whose valour fills Israel's joy-cup to the brim,
Trips on with a heart full of love's filial fire
To yield her white brow to the lips of her sire.

But why heaves with anguish the breast of the chief?
And why on his cheek sits the pale hue of grief?
Doth some deed of valour remain yet undone—
A wrong unavenged or a city unwon?

Ah, no! but the chieftain too rashly hath sworn,
And the blithe tripping daughter, as fair as the morn,
Already bound close on the altar he sees,
With the smoke of her torture borne off on the breeze.

"Oh, daughter! my soul is much troubled for thee,
For the words of my vow ever sacred must be;
And, daughter, the dreadful fulfilment once o'er,
Thy father may live, but my daughter no more."

Pale, pale grew her cheek as the snow, and as cold,
Ere all the sad father's fixed purpose was told;
But the white heaving breast had no room for despair,
For brave as her sire's was the heart beating there.

"My father, thy soul must not sorrow for me;
Is Ammon not conquered—is Israel not free?
Be sacred the words thou hast vowed unto Heaven—
For this holy purpose thy daughter was given."

Till thrice the full moon o'er the night-gloom prevailed,
Her lot on the mountains the virgin bewailed;
Returned—a white speck in the blue arch of day,
Up, up from the altar she circled away.

SPRING.

In the dull winter months, when the burnie runs broon,
And the chill dewless e'enin' sae soon gathers doon,
We aften despair o' the sure-coming spring,
Nor think how the woods will with love-warblings ring;
And, weary and sighfu', sit nursing our care,
Or gazing abroad on the fields bleak and bare.

But when the blithe birdies ance mair build and sing,
When buds and bright mornings proclaim the new spring,
We wonder we ever thought winter sae blae,
And beauties remember in mony a dark day;
And, yielding our souls to the spring's genial law,
Cry, "Winter's a shadow that soon flits awa'."

And so, when our life's lamp on earth doesna burn,
When, sheltered frae winter, our clay fills the urn,
Our souls, blest in regions of which we oft dreamed,
In regions that often owre fanciful seemed,
Will gaze on the trials we battled with here,
And brighter the world that we left will appear.

Why friends had grown cold we shall then see revealed,
While the dark springs of sorrow nae mair lie concealed—
So trivial they'll seem to the soul's searching eye,
We'll wonder they e'er cost a tear or a sigh;
Old friendships and loves will revive, and we'll feel
That all our misfortunes were planned for our weal.

Sweet Spring! 'tis but duty thy absence to mourn,
But duty with anthems to hail thy return!
Yet but for the stern reign of winter, how soon
Our souls, cloyed with beauty, would deem thee no boon;
Thy gowans, uncared for, would blush on the lea,
And thy haw-blossoms wither unsung on the tree.

And thus, were our lives like one bright summer-day,
With no cloud of sorrow to darken our way,
The long term of joy would grow irksome at last,
We'd long for one sorrow—one wild wintry blast;
For joy owes its charm to its contrast with grief,
As shadow throws sunshine in brighter relief.

MAGGIE.

Liltin' owre the moor cam' Maggie
When the plover prest its nest,
Gatherin' flowers for sister Aggie
Frae the hillock's heathery breast.

Wavy auburn braids had Maggie,
Blithe and kind of heart was she;
And a winsome smile had Maggie,
Worth gaun round the world to see.

Orphan bairns were she and Aggie,
Ne'er were souls sae twined as theirs;
But a sister's love in Maggie
Joined wi' a' a mother's cares.

For puir Aggie aye was ailin',
Pale and tall and thin she grew,
With a hand and brow too pearly,
And too bright an eye of blue.

Dear was Robin Neil to Maggie:
"Be my ain dear bride," pled he.
But she thocht on sister Aggie,—
"Robin, na! it canna be."

War in Eastern climes was ragin',
Robin heard his country's ca',
And amang her tartaned heroes
To the field he hied awa'.

* * * *

Withering care has breathed on Maggie,
A' the joys o' youth are gane,
And wi' weary heart sweet Maggie
Wanders through the world alane.

Green's the sod o'er sister Aggie,
And the lad she lo'ed sae weel

Lies upon the heights of Alma,
Cloven down by foeman's steel.

Oft in dreamy realms roams Maggie,
Where the flowers ne'er leave the hill,
Where she hears her sister Aggie
Singing nearer, nearer still.

Oft amid her sighful slumbers,
Distance, time, and death ignored,
Robin, from the heights of Alma,
Comes, to life and love restored.

Often on the moorland, Maggie,
When the gloaming calm draws near,
Drops a tear for sister Aggie,
Drops for Robin Neil a tear.

Oft when, from the azure o'er her,
Evening's gems are sparkling fair,
On the boundless blue she gazes,
Murmuring, "I shall meet them there."

ADDRESS TO AN ASS,

ON SEEING ONE BY THE PUBLIC ROAD ON A SABBATH MORNING.

Hast got thy breakfast, brother Cuddy,
And laid thee doun in peace to study
How thy life's stream is made sae muddy
By paidlin' Fate,
And how earth's ills upon thy body
Like slaves await?

Some say nae thochts harass the brute;
But that conclusion ane micht doot:
While thy puir life is draggin' out
On some rough hill,
To guess what ye may think aboot,
Defies man's skill.

Thou of hard toil hast aye thy share,
Thy faithfu' sides are worn rib-bare,
Thy shirpit rump o' flesh and hair,
Sae lean and scanty,
Wi' forcefu' eloquence declare
Thy griefs owre plenty.

How aft and sairly thou's been paikit,
How aft at meal-time been negleckit,
How aft thy richts been disrespeckit
Because an ass,
Is in thy ee's sad tale refleckit
As in a glass.

Aft hast thou borne that bitter joke
(While thy lame lord took dram and smoke,
And thou stood weary o' thy yoke
And hunger's throes),
The lang, provokin', toom bran-pock
Hung at thy nose.

Some maister o' the whippin' art,
And cursed wi' an inhuman heart,
Will torture thee to mak' thee smart,
Till aff its wheels
Thou kicks thy rickle o' a cart
Wi' angry heels.

Thy race, poor beast! have ever trod
Low on affliction's eerie road,
Aye since the prophet-loon bestrode
Thy learned forebear;—
Still doomed some petty tyrant's nod
And lash to fear.

And though a colt o' thy scorned kin'
Was honoured 'mang the brutes langsyne
By *Him* o' lineage divine.
We never see
That men the sacred honour min'
For good to thee.

I wish I had the skill to trace
Back through the annals o' thy race,
To see if every cuddy's face
O' thy lang line,
Had meekness graved on't wi' sic grace
As 'tis on thine.

And whence that air o' injured patience?
Was it first caused by lack o' rations,
When samples o' earth's hairy nations
Auld Noah saved?
Or had anterior vexations
The air engraved?

Wore they that air whom Adam christened
Ere they to the expulsion listened,
And ere they frae green Eden hastened
Their way to take,
While wondering why they should be chastened
For Adam's sake?

Perhaps while by new instinct taught
That life was with new dangers fraught,
And while the grassy plains they sought,
Filled with strange fear,
Their faces the expression caught
Their kind still wear.

But stranger things are tauld o' thee—
How thou, on Christ's nativity,
Stan'st by thy crib wi' watchfu' ee
Till midnight chaps,
When, like a saint, upon thy knee
Reverend thou draps.

And some there are who maist will swear
The sacred symbol thou dost bear,
Was gi'en thy kindred first to wear
When Jesus said,
While rang the vulgar hoot and jeer,
"'Tis finishèd."

If this be true—and so it may—
Nae yoke should men upon thee lay,
But suffer thee at large to stray
The fields amang,
And think thy wild discordant bray
Earth's sweetest sang.

Instead o' that, thy days o' rest
And play, rare things maun be confest;
And but for this, the warkman's best,
His weekly star,
Puir Cuddy! ye wad be opprest
Waur than ye are.

Were sic poor slaves as thou and I
But forced to toil through wat and dry,
Withoot a moment to defy
The serpent Care,
Withoot a day o' rest to lie
In caller air;

Thir frames o' ours would soon be wasted—
The flower o' life be labour-blasted—
The dregs o' life be early tasted—
Soon grey ilk head;
And dissolution on us hasted
Wi' railway speed.

Farewell, my humble hairy brither!
Thy cadger-lord will lead thee thither,
And we nae mair may meet thegither;
But ance I've met thee,
And, by the cross upon thy shouther,
I'll ne'er forget thee!

THE SUICIDE.

He sat upon a mossy crag, where dark and deep below
The winter-swollen river rushed, with dark and foamy flow:
Of care his soul a surfeit had, and 'mid the darkness round,
The roaring of the river seemed a sweet congenial sound.

Long had he fought with want, and wished he could the fates control,
And oft this dark and awful thought had flashed upon his soul—
"The ever-fruitful field of life were surely better bare,
Than nourishing to monster-growth the weary weeds of care."

The storm had blown its fury forth, and now, in sullen
calm,
The lion of the bygone hour seemed gentle as a lamb.
The stars looked down as though they said, "'Tis over,
man, rejoice!"
But he only saw the dark deep flood, and heard its
gentle voice.

Once, in the Eden of his heart, Hope had her chosen
home;
Now of the "dear one dead" that heart was but the
lonely tomb;
And o'er it, with triumphant shriek, the ruthless fiend,
Despair,
Spread forth his sable plumes, and told he was the
master there.

He heard it. Wildly leaping up, he, leaning forward,
stood
As if he looked for heaven beneath the gurgling, boil-
ing flood.

"'Tis there!" he cried. "Cold world, farewell!"
then from the crag's dim height
Leapt on the semblance of a star, and broke its
quivering light.

Far down the glen, where sunbeams of the winter
could not shine,
When morn arose, a human form lay on the *debris*
line;
The pulse was still, and from the eyes no spark of life-
light shone—
But all the dismal tale was known to Heaven—and
Heaven alone.

TO MY HEART.

THE sweet flower-time is coming, heart,
With longer and brighter day;
The bees will soon be humming, heart,
A bass to the blackbird's lay.
Blue-bells will bloom in the dells of broom
And gowans on every lea;
When Nature is giddy with joy, my heart,
She'll look for a note from thee.

Where yonder briars are clinging, heart,
Soon roses will gaily wave;
While infant oaks are springing, heart,
O'er the acorn's sylvan grave.
When the buoyant lark, on its viewless bark,
Will sail o'er the ryegrass sea—
When woodlands are ringing with joy, my heart,
Why should there be grief for thee?

Soon 'mong the leafless bushes, heart,
The birds will their homes prepare,
And yon stream that darkly rushes, heart,
Its happiest looks will wear..
When the bare black heath, in the summer's breath,
In purple and green shall glow—
When the stranger bird is heard, my heart,
Thy welcome in song must flow.

Away with this gloom, unholy heart,
Hope's halo must round thee shine;
Despair is the child of Folly, heart,
And must not be friend of thine.
Yon snowy cloud is cold Winter's shroud,
Soon tombed in the north he'll be;
The spring is the season of hope, my heart,
And so let it be for thee.

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EPISTLE TO R. W.

DEAR RICHARD,—

Birds the woodland throng,
And fill their buddy realms with song;
The lilac and the thorn
Prepare to load their boughs with flowers;
And soon will come the dewy hours
Of summer eve or morn.
Spring-time is written on the brow
Of woodland, holm, and hill;
And Nature registers a vow
Again our barns to fill.
While proudly and loudly
Larks trill their lays divine,
I cheery, though weary,
Sit humbly crooning mine.

Here, by my "Little Dublin"* hearth,
Whare aiblins ne'er a muse gave birth
To ought resembling verse,
Old memories crowd around me fast—
A panorama of the past—
Too varied to rehearse.
Youth's dream, the stern realities
Of life, before me pass;
Their mingled hues of grief and bliss
I see as in a glass.
There shines still—divine still—
That faculty of youth,
Of dreaming, and deeming
Each dream a waking truth.

Ah, Richard! they are glorious things,
Those flights which airy Fancy wings
Away from earthly real;
And yielding, in her aimless flight,
A sweet experience ever bright,
And truthful, though ideal.

"Little Dublin," a name given to the "Rows" at Quarter.

By toils which, during slumbers short,
Are by us nightly shared,
Our minds for toils of sterner sort
Are tutored and prepared.
Thus much still, that's rich still,
The philosophic mind—
Nay, mine e'en, or thine e'en—
From airy dreams may find.

Yon plodding wretch whom Fate appears
To loathe, around whose snail-paced years
Throng woes of every kind—
How could he his existence keep
Were all the phantasies of sleep
Forbidden to his mind?
I often think, and long have thought,
Though not perhaps in rhyme,
That when I sleep and dream of nought,
'Tis but a waste of time;
But dreaming, and seeming
To roam abroad at noon,
I deem it, esteem it,
A great and priceless boon.

Who has not felt of pride a touch,
When, rising on a morning such
As this was, calm and bright,
The memory of the struggle, vast
But glorious, of the night bypast,
Came slowly into light?
The dream-giant fought with in the night
With manly daring may
Be met and conquered 'mid the light
And hum of busy day.
This tells us, compels us,
To own that dreams are given
As teachers and preachers—
And (shall we say?) by Heaven.

Some, if they meet with visions bright
Amid the watches of the night,
In which they're Fortune's pride,
Will rise depressed and sad at morn,
As if hard Fate its sharpest thorn
Had planted in their side.

Then wrapt in Superstition's mirk—
Their mental vision bleared—
Their own infatuations work
The ruin which they feared.
If, gearless and cheerless,
At length we them behold,
They, moaning and groaning,
Tell how it was foretold.

My tried and worthy friend, not thus,
When blest with happy dreams, let us,
Respecting spae-folk's laws,
Unlucky things prognosticate,
And torture for ourselves create,
Like fools, without a cause.
Were life a circlet all of joy,
Perhaps we could afford
The thousand pleasures to destroy
With which our dreams are stored;
But seeing our being
Is not one round of bliss,
Why should we so rudely
Turn joy to wretchedness?

How fresh last night the mountain air
I breathèd in my dream ! how fair
The golden haze of morn,
The broomy cliff on which I stood,
Where floated from the glistening wood
The perfume of the thorn !
A zone of mist hung round the "Ben,"
The loch gleamed at its base ;
The flock-bleat, wafted o'er the glen,
Came from the distant braes.
How blithely, how lithely
The heathery hills I clomb,
Far wandering, meandering,
From my tired limbs at home !

Dear, dear to all such dreams must be ;
But unto such as thee and me,
To whom it is denied
For days to see the light of heaven,
They seem a special blessing given ;
Let's hug the thought with pride,

And trust that in the week-long night,
That else might cheerless be,
The flowers and almost endless light
Of summer we shall see.
Thus, ambling and gamboling,
In joy shall pass our days,
Aye gleaming and streaming
With bright borealian rays.

No more of dreams, but let us look
Back to the old secluded nook
Where stands the square green tower,
That seems between the smooth green hill
And its rough wooded neighbour still
A castle in a bower,
The Broompark well in loveliness
Still dressed as 'twas of yore,
Whose stream in summer ne'er was less,
In winter never more.
I see them—I'm wi' them;
Each old familiar thorn
Seems blooming, perfuming
The sober Sabbath morn.

My earliest home. The Muir—the Cart—
That still a soothing charm impart
When that way turns my thought.
The brambly woods around the "Munt,"
Whare "Tillie" oft in mimic hunt
We chased, and sometimes caught;
The "Park" where flew the bounding ball
Amid the merry din—
Our youth's companions one and all
My memory reckons in.
Where are they, how fare they,
The friends we laughed with then?—
All dead now, or spread now,
Far from the dear old glen.

Perhaps a remnant of us yet
May in our boyhood's haunts be met,
Old men and women all;
Our children yet athwart the muir
May drive, far bounding through the air,
The nacket or the ball.

O'er field and fence I see them spring
As if they ne'er wad tire,
Each healthful son inheriting
The freedom of his sire :—
It may be, and sae we
Will give the fancy scope,
But treasure with pleasure
The sweetness of that hope.

I've done ; but ere I drop my pen
A fore-han' welcome let me sen'
To our "Wee Dublin" hearth.
Although we hae a lodger noo,
Our house will never be sae fou
That ye shall want a berth.
If a' that famed Australia's worth
Were given me to wair,
There's not another man on earth
With whom I'd readier share.
Here's to ye ! Lang wi' ye
May health and thrift abide,
Attending your wending
Athwart the world sae wide.

THE DOMINIE'S OE.*

THE Dominie's sel',
He was grey, thin, and bel',
And lang frae his cheek had fled youth's rosy glow;
A dark sparkling ee,
Like the robin's, had he,
And like him in this was the Dominie's Oe.
But she had saft locks o' the hazel's ain broun,
That ne'er in forced ringlets waved wantonly roon,
But aye in smooth braids, that fu' brawly could show,
How humble and mild was the Dominie's Oe.

The Dominie's voice
Had nae need to sound twice

* *Oe*—Granddaughter.

To lay the air-castles o' schule-callans low,
Sae sonorous and stern—
'Twas the dread o' ilk bairn—
Far different frae that o' the Dominie's Oe.

Her voice was as sweet as the laverock's at dawn,
That through the grey mist cheers his mate on the lawn;
Sae rich when she sang—when she spak aye sae low—
Ilk bairn liked to crack wi' the Dominie's Oe.

In the Dominie's life
Ups and downs had been rife,
Romance circling round him wi' strange checkering flow;
Better times he had seen,
And far puirer had been,
Though nane heard the tale but the Dominie's Oe.

She kent in what fancies the auld man took pride,
What memories to harp on, what themes to avoid,
To chase away sadness and charm away woe;
And sweet was the task to the Dominie's Oe.

In the Dominie's chair,
When at e'en he sat there,
Enjoying the bliss slippered ease can bestow,
On the lines of his face
Sober lair had chief place,
As learnedly and kindly he cracked wi' his Oe.
How happy was she when a blithe thing he said!
How sweet were the smiles round her dimples that played!
But fast fell her tears when he spak o' *that* woe
That left him alane in the world wi' his Oe.

In the Dominie's heart
Preyed ae care which nae art,
Nae wiles o' the maiden, could soothe or o'erthrow,
"Life's sand's running fast—
When the last grain hath past,
In a' the wide worl' wha'll befriend my sweet Oe?"
Puir man! he ne'er dreamed that a secret she had—
That far owre the sea thrave her ain faithfu' lad—
Until his return brang a love-worthy jo,
Wi' comfort for life to the Dominoe's Oe.

MY AUNTIE NANNIE.

PART FIRST.

WHENE'ER o' heroines I read,
In lang romancin' story,
Wha think ye aye comes in my head,
Eclipsin' a' their glory?—

Wha but my ain auld Auntie Nan',
My peerless Auntie Nannie!
Wi' winnin' smile and open haun',
And ways sae quate and cannie.

Her hair was grey sin' ere I min',
And maybe something langer;
And, oh! her heart was ever kin'—
Her haun' ne'er raised in anger.

An air commandin' reverence seems
E'en yet to hang aboot her;
And aye I think my brightest dreams
But half complete withoot her.

Dear Auntie! time has tried in vain
To sever our connection;
Nae wecht o' years can e'er o'erstrain
The cord of pure affection.

When scramblin' up life's thistly hill,
If unco ills betide me,
I long to lean upon ye still,
And wish your wit to guide me.

I aften, aften see ye yet,
As on the winter e'enin',
Beside your glimmerin' crusie sit,
Close o'er your needle leanin';

And still I hear the gentle voice
That coaxed me through my spellin'

Wi' promises o' "something nice,"
Or weeks o' dux foretellin'.

On Sabbath morns still, yet as gay
And trig as ony fairy,
I climb wi' you the auld kirk brae,
In muslin dress fu' airy.

Nought cared she though her gown was bare,
Provided mine were dacent,
For hardship's rich but dear-bought lair
Ilk wish had tuned and chastened.

Her failing strength cost mony a thought,
Ne'er ane her failing beauty,
And aye she feared to fail in ought
That love for me ca'd duty.

For me the bonnet scuff't was worn,
Wi' boots sair darn't and clootit;
For me the weary vigil borne,
And naething said aboot it.

Aft by the bed I've seen her kneel,
And breathe the name o' Mirren;
Aft hae I seen her tears doon steal
The time her wheel was whirrin':

Aft while her pinglin' trade she plied,
And shaped the silken blossom,
She paused, and drew me to her side,
And pressed me to her bosom.

Noo Auntie's in the grave, and yet
To mourn seems out o' reason;
Why should we at a parting fret,
That's only for a season?

PART SECOND.

Whene'er I think o' Auntie Nan',
Her wee bit hamely garret
To match wi' halls and mansions gran'
My fancy aye brings forrit.

How fondly my affections cling
Aye to that humble dwellin' !
What pleasant memories aye upspring,
As thus its praise I'm tellin' !

Upon the steep and narrow stair
I hear my blithesome singin',
And seem to feel the frail auld floor
Beneath my footsteps springin'.

Though paper patches here and there
Secured the loosened plaster;
Though through the wa's cam' streams o' air,
That Auntie scarce could master;

Though laigh the roof and sair camsiled,
Yet heaven looked through the ceilin',
And in its light my auntie toiled,
Nae murmurin' thought revealin'.

Its plenishin'—important a'—
The girrs that held her flowerin',

The wheel that sair I grudged to ca',
The tent for her tambourin'.

There Patience waited on the wa',
And Hope sat by her anchor;
Aye in their lessons Auntie saw
A cure for Envy's canker.

A trunk beneath the bed half-hid
Its lettered lid fu' gaudy,
And on the weel-brushed mantel stood
Her lockit red tea-caudie.

A brazen-bordered looking-glass
Hung aye 'tween Hope and Patience;
Beneath, the china cups (nae less)
She used on rare occasions.

But, chief, the wa'-bag in the neuk
Hung near her chair fu' haun'y,
Within't the weel-thoom't Holy Beuk,
Sae dear to Auntie Nannie.

It held the "*Proofs*" I ne'er could learn,
Though bribed wi' mony a gravit;
Her needlecase, her curlin' airn,
The metred Psalms o' Davit.

Almanacs in't, aye nine or ten,
Gied texts for mony a story
O' battles or o' martyred men—
Auld Scotland's croon o' glory.

Her specks were there, her shears, an' a'
In use whate'er excell't it;
Na, even a roset-en' or twa
Hung on the nail that held it.

Earth's humblest biel! thou wast to me
A hame where Care leaned cannie;
In memory aye thou shrined shall be
Beside my Auntie Nannie.

SONG—LILY LEE.

I THINK o' thee, dear Lily Lee,
At gloamin', noon, and morn;
I think o' thee, and o' thy smiles,
Forgetting a' thy scorn;
I think o' thee when ithers praise
The charms they deem divine,
And never think that face is fair
That bears nae trace o' thine.

I think o' thee, dear Lily Lee,
Whene'er, wi' care oppressed,
I breathe my sorrows in thine ear,
And lean upon thy breast.
And though that priceless joy it ne'er
Has been my lot to pree,

The sternest sorrow lichtly leans
Whene'er I think o' thee.

I think o' thee, dear Lily Lee,
When pleasures round me flee;
I think how sweeter far they'd been,
Had they been shared by thee.
I paint the joy-flush on thy cheek,
Its sparkle in thine ee,
And fancy a' that lovers wish
Wi' thee, dear Lily Lee.

I'll think o' thee, dear Lily Lee,
Though prudes may ca' it wrang;
I'll roam wi' thee in dreams, and weave
Thy name in mony a sang.
Through a' life's varying, shifting scenes,
Companions we shall be;
For I'll a blithesome dream-life live
Wi' thee, dear Lily Lee.

It weel may be, dear Lily Lee,
That, happy as thou art,
A glow o' sympathy for me
May never warm thy heart;
And could we meet as long ago,
Still scornful ye micht be;
But ne'er the less should my delight
Be still to think o' thee.

AVON BRAES.

AIR—"The lea-rig."

'TWAS June, 'twas morn, and Brandon's deer
From Cadzow pastures brushed the dew;
The laverock lilted o'er the bere,
And through the woods shone white Mill Heugh;
His feathered guile the fisher threw,
The cushie cooed his dearie's praise,—
When forth I hied the flowers to view,
And spend an hour on Avon braes.

Nae weary, hopeless swain was I,
To languish in a sunny glade,
To aid the zephyr with a sigh,
And gie each flower a sombre shade.

Exulting through the woods I strayed,
Through mony a brier and rosy maze;
Or watched where shimmering ripples played
On Avon, lingering 'mang its braes.

I stood on cliffs with verdure fringed,
And far beneath me, spreading gay,
With blossomed broom and crawflowers tinged,
The summer-painted landscape lay.
There woodbine wound its spiral way,
There brambles leaned on neebor slaes;
And Robin warbled on the spray,
The blithest bird on Avon braes.

There Scotland's bearded symbol grew,
And there her gentler bell I saw;
And, oh! how fondly round them flew
The odour o' the blooming haw!
Suppressed my worldly yearnings a'—
I only wished in measured praise
To sing the charms o' glade and shaw,
The linns and rills o' Avon braes.

Oh! were I lord o' Brandon's Ha',
And a' the charms o' yonder glen,
Nae stars wad woo me far awa,
To wair my golden thousands ten.
If wranged by rude unfeeling men,
The river's sang might soothe my waes
And wha, a life o' joy to spend,
Need flee frae Avon's bonny braes?

THERE'S AYE SOMETHING BETTER BEFORE US.

In the battle o' life, when new troubles oppress,
And fortune appears to disdain us;
When the weel-hoorded shillings are fast growin' less,
That only hard toil can regain us,—
We maunna sit doon at the brink o' despair,
But gaze through the cloud that hangs o'er us,
And maybe, wha kens, we shall see written there,
"There's aye something better before us."

Although o' ae e'enin' o' happiness we
Hae naething ava to assure us,
And though o' the fruits o' ae puir labour-fee
There may be few dainties to spare us—
We maunna indulge in the yaumerer's sin,
Lest angel Content should abhor us,

But croon, wi' a glint at the regions aboon,
"There's aye something better before us."

When castles we build on the houp o' guid health,
Aft lameness or sickness deceives us;
And aften o' wark, aye the chief source o' wealth,
The word o' a maister bereaves us.
Sair, sair is the grief sic disasters may bring,
E'en though our kind neebors deplore us;
But sorrow leans lightly on hearts that can sing,
"There's aye something better before us."

Ye Great, wha puir Labour can grind at your will,
Unchecked by a conscience within ye,
I warn ye, defiant we look on ye still,
And free as the lark soar aboon ye.
In vain the north blast o' your anger may blaw,
In vain, perched on pride, ye ignore us,
Until ye can tak the sweet solace awa',
"There's aye something better before us."

MARY.

Air—"Robin Adair."

Why are those eyes so dull?
Joy sparkled there.
Why are those lips so pale?
Ah! they declare
Life's light hath fled away.
Now thou art only clay;
Smiles round thy lips will play,
Mary, nae mair.

Flowers on the braes are seen,
Faded flower, fair;
Birds sing, in woodlands green,
Love's sweetest air;

Burns 'neath the warm sunshine
Ripple their hymns divine;
But thou their joy will join,
Mary, nae mair.

Emblem of purest truth,
This was our prayer,
"Father, her trustful youth
Guard from each snare."
Ah! thou art guarded now;
Over thy lily brow
Care will its shadow throw,
Mary, nae mair.

Gentle and kind thy heart,
Child of our love;
Now thou an angel art,
Watching above.
Yes! and thou hope hast given
That we shall meet in heaven,
And be asunder riven,
Mary, nae mair.

LET US BE COMPANIONS STILL.

Why should distant friends be strangers?
What though ne'er together seen?
What though oceans, with their dangers,
Roll ten thousand miles between?
What though, worlds asunder, ranging?
Memory renders distance nil;
Let us still be thoughts exchanging,
Let us be companions still.

Why should distant friends sit weary,
With the past before them spread,
Nursing dreams and fancies dreary,
Fearing friendship chilled or dead?
Is there not a medium willing
All our thoughts to waft at will?

While the pen can paint a feeling,
Let us be companions still.

So upon the moors and meadows,
Where we roamed in days of yore,
We may sit and watch the shadows
Creeping o'er the hills once more:
Once again may gather brambles,
Roam again by moorland rill;
Ramble o'er again our rambles,
And be dear companions still.

COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN DURING A LONG ILLNESS.

THOU, Flora, whom the blooming woods
As heaven's divinest nymph confess,
Although my heart in sorrow broods,
Than these I ne'er can love thee less.
But I am one whose buds of bliss
Misfortune's wintry presence blights;
My days, how cheerless none can guess,
And none can think how dark my nights.

How joyful lately were my days,
How glorious were the hopes of spring!
My lyre to smooth and lightsome lays
Responded with harmonious string.

But now my hopes, on crippled wing,
Toil low along a flowerless earth,
And every fitful note I sing,
To weary misery owes its birth.

'Twas not for fame, 'twas not for wealth,
My prayers were framed, my wishes breathed;
The only boon I craved was health,
With all the good that lies beneath't:
The Powers by whom these are bequeathed,
Alas! my humble wish withstood,
And have, like serpents, round me wreathed
Fell ailments of the bone and blood.

Ye woods, around me waving free,
Ye seem in robes of mourning dressed;
Ye flowers, I see ye on the lea,
But still with pleasure unimpressed.
All that was lovely once confessed,
The darkness of my soul enshrouds,
As on the river's gleaming breast
Is thrown the scowl of passing clouds.

The simple tale of love and home,
Not now my cynic muse employs;
A dread from which my thoughts ne'er roam,
Still toward want my thoughts decoys,
Forbidding e'en the dream of joys;
Unstringing with rude hand my lyre,
This one discordant note destroys
The harmony of all life's choir.

No more.—For wherefore should I mourn?
Few care a mournful tale to hear—
The fortunate my plaint will spurn,
The healthy hear it with a sneer.
Hence, Sympathy! I ask no tear,
Nor, Pity, long to hear thy voice;
A smile upon my face I'll wear,
And seem 'mid sorrow to rejoice.

THE GREEN-MANTLED POOL.

Thou art no rippling ocean, the white pebbles washing;
Thou ne'er wast the star of a fisherman's dream;
No broom-bordered burnie adown the hill dashing,
And glittering in gold 'neath the fast-setting beam.
But thou'rt dear to yon rushes—
Yon sloe-blossomed bushes;
And the breeze of the evening, so fragrant and cool,
Hath left yon green mountains,
With all their bright fountains,
To sigh o'er thy bosom, thou green-mantled pool.

What though thou art shunned by the gull of the ocean?
The duck to thy treasures comes waddling from far;
Though bard never praised thee with soul-sung devotion,
The lark sings thy praise to the night-chasing star.

And though the proud lily,
And tulip dressed gaily,
Might shun thy rough borders as noxious and foul,
Yet the seggan waves o'er thee,
And reverend before thee
Still bends yon sweet pinkies, dear green-mantled pool.

No far-travelled salmon, among the weeds roaming,
Hath braved, for thy sake, towering dam and fierce flood;
But joyous within thee the frog croaks at gloaming,
And thousands of tadpoles delight in thy mud.
Though ne'er in fit weather,
For evenings together,
An angler above thee his rod waves by rule,
O'er thy weed-cumbered billows
Yon tuft of tall willows
Droops guileless and snareless, dear green-mantled pool.

'Tis like thou wert never a nymph-haunted fountain,
Where gods in the morning came amorous to woo,

But my Jessie lives near thee, sweet maid of the
mountain,
Far fairer than all the nymphs Jove ever knew.
No burn singing ever,
No sea-seeking river,
No lake of the hills, ever fresh, ever full,
Could I place above thee,
As something more lovely;
Thou'rt the sweetest of lakelets, dear green-mantled
pool.

WHA'LL BUY MY LINTIES?

SCENE.—*The Marketplace—a Boy singing.*

WHA'LL buy my linties? grey linties and green,
And laverocks and gooldies, the brawest e'er seen;
They come from the woodlands, from meadow and muir,
And wha wadna buy them that heard them sing there?
And wha wadna buy them, &c.

I searched 'mang the bushes ere spring made them green,
In woods and on meadow ere blue-bell was seen;
I kenned the nests biggin', and ere my birds flew,
I ta'en them and fed them, and wha'll buy them noo?
I ta'en them and fed them, &c.

I saved my wee laverocks frae starling and craw,
The hawk frae my linties I frichtit awa' ;
And if the fell gowk could their nests hae won near,
I trow my braw gooldies wad ne'er hae been here.
I trow my braw gooldies, &c.

At mornin' and e'enin' their sang ye will hear ;
They'll sing in the daytime your labour to cheer ;
You'll think, when ye hear them, o' meadow and muir,
Whare first my birds nestled, and wish ye were there,
Whare first my birds nestled, &c.

Nae peeries nor bools with their price will I buy ;
If hame I maun take them, my mither will sigh,
And tears o'er her cheeks, while she clasps me, will steal ;
But buy them, and mither will pray for your weal ;
Oh, buy them, and mither will pray for your weal !

PLEASURE.

It was upon a summer eve,
When slowly sank the sun,
When gowans, faulding, seemed to grieve
That day was nearly done,
A butterfly, in silken pride,
Passed fluttering o'er a green hill-side.

A father and his child were there,
A prattling joyous thing,
As innocent, as sweet, and fair
As any flower of spring.
The silken fluttering thing she spied,
And, "Father, I will catch't!" she cried.

Then sped her little feet—in vain!
Her grasp eluding still,
It flew at length across the plain,
And left her on the hill;
And then, poor venturous thing! she found
A host of thistles bristling round.

At every step she took, their spears
Her naked feet assailed;
Her rosy cheeks were wet with tears,
For soon her courage failed:
And then she cried, "Oh, father, come!
'Tis thistles—come and take me home."

Her father heard, and went—"My child,"
Sedately he begun,
"Thus are the young and old beguiled
Who after pleasure run:
For pleasure's but a butterfly,
And often leads where thistles lie."

TO A ROBIN.

THOU'RT welcome again to our cot, pretty Robin,
Though winter and sorrow thy warblings attend;
Though hearts 'neath the straw thatch are sighing and sobbing,
Still waiting for thee are a crumb and a friend.
The woods of Dalziel are no longer resounding
With song of the blackbird or hum of the bee;
Thy food is no more 'mong the bushes abounding,
And man more than nature provides now for thee.

Come, sing us a song of thy summer-time fluttering,
'Mong red and white roses and dew-silvered leaves;
And tell us how early grim Winter came muttering
His threatenings of hail-blasts and icicled eaves.

Who is it that warns thee to fly from the wild-wood
As soon as the dry leaves are rustling around?
Whose voice calls thee back to the haunts of thy childhood,
Whenever the spring-decking primrose is found?

Thou com'st, darling bird, when bright fires should be glowing,
Defying the chillness of frost and of snow,
When plentier food should be vigour bestowing,
When riches should think of the needy and low.
But fireless, alas! will be many a dwelling,
And hungry and cold many little ones be,
Who oft in the summer were fondly foretelling
What feasts in the snow-time they'd spread out for thee.

Thou seem'st, pretty Robin, to gaze at me sadly,—
'Tis surely not thine human sorrows to share;
Dost thou sympathise when, with want fretting madly,
Slaves wish for their masters one tithe of their care?

When fanatic hordes are their battle-blades baring,
When patriot-heroes in cells pine unseen,
When kings are new banquets for war's god preparing,
Doth that, little bird, dim thy jetty eyes' sheen?

Thou car'st not though empires for rapine are ready,
Begrudging their laurels who fight to be free;
Though England's prompt thunder is pointed and steady,
The dim, awful issue is nothing to thee.
A war-fanning priesthood to thee have no mission,
And none seek to sell thee the right to do wrong;
Thy life is not cursed with the phantom Ambition,
And Freedom herself, Robin, prompts thy sweet song.

A wizard were I, thou familiar attending,
A little serf-spirit to work all my will,
War's voice would no more with the wood-notes be blending,
No rash, wrathful arm be uplifted to kill.

Earth's poor ones no more would at Winter's voice
tremble,
But forth from each hearth a blithe welcome would
ring;
Pale Sorrow herself would enjoyment dissemble,
And all be as merry as thou in the spring.

OH, TO BE NEAR THEE!

AIR—"The flowers o' the forest."

Oh, to be near thee,
My bonny dearie!
Sunning my heart in the warmth o' thy smile,
Dauting thee freely,
Ne'er mair to leave thee,
Ne'er mair to leave thee for war's weary toil.

Youth's dream is past noo,
Blawn is Fame's blast noo,
What's a' the glory that's fa'en to my share?
I'm wounded and weary,
My bonny deary—
Wounded and weary, and waukrife wi' care.

Kind hearts are round me,
Skilled hands have bound me,—
Hands that may heal, but, alas! fail to cheer;
Comrades are dying,
Moaning and sighing,
Souls leave us longing some *ae* voice to hear.

Aft o'er me stealing
Comes this sad feeling,—
Life wi' that longing will close, my dear Bell;
My love ne'er shall cheer thee—
Never mair near thee
I'll sit by the burn in oor ain broomy dell.

Aften I hear thee,
My bonny dearie,
Breathing kind words by my pallet at e'en;
Starting, I wauken,
Thy warm haun' while takin',
And only the nurse moving lightly is seen.

Nane see the tears then,
Nane ken the fears then,
That cauldly close round me, and prompt this fond prayer,—
Oh, to be near thee,
My bonny dearie!
Oh, to be near thee, and leave thee nae mair!

UP IN THE MORNING.

In the early spring-time, when the flower's in the bud,
Ere leaves are the beeches adorning,
Before the bird-matin swells up from the wood,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning,
To mark how each star
Seems, while twinkling afar,
The day's growing glare to be scorning;
And feel how each thought
With devotion is fraught;
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning!

When Spring is away, and on heathery heights,
And in dells that the blue-bells are born in,
Each brooding bird-bride in her new charge delights,
'Tis sweet to be up in the mornin'.

'Tis sweet to be up
When young June's gowan-cup
Spreads, greeting the day herald's horning;
When each emerald blade
Is with sapphire inlaid,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning!

When the germ of the thistle is ready to roam,
The arms of the gentle breeze borne in,
Ere farmer and bee have their full harvest-home,
'Tis sweet to be up in the mornin'.
When the shadowless moon,
Loth to leave us so soon,
Hangs, the West with her paleness adorning,
While the spider's web frail
Is a dew-beaded veil,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning!

And e'en when the year's vernal glory is fled,
And Hope only bodes its returning,
How craven the heart that lies trembling abed,
Afraid of the face of the morning!

The dull winter-day
May not have to display
One charm that's above human scorning;
But come when it will,
Dawn is beautiful still—
Then strive to be up in the morning.

BENJAMIN'S DREAM.

'Twas midnight—the stars through the cloud-hills of June
Glowered cantily out on the calm queenly moon,
And far in the north, over mountain and lawn,
The grey patient gloaming hung waiting the dawn;
While the dewdrops, fast gathering on flowerets and trees,
A rich morning banquet prepared for the bees.

Sore wearied with troubles and toils of the day,
Asleep by his bosom-friend, Benjamin lay;
Her dreams—if she dreamed—left no furrow, no trace,
Of sorrow or pleasure upon her fair face;
But Benjamin lay with a fixed, fearful look,
And still, like the breeze-troubled willow-leaf, shook:

For lo! in the dim light, the house stalking through,
With soft noiseless tread, was a form he well knew;
Not, as last he beheld her, in garb of the grave,
With cheek and with brow pale as foam on the wave;
But there, in the vigour and fresh flush of life,
In bedgown and petticoat, stalked his first wife.

He saw her examine, with motherly care,
Her three children's clothing, so duddy and bare;
Her sweet earnest patience poor Benjie could see,
As rag after rag she spread out on her knee;
And pearls from her eyes still by Pity were prest,
And sorrow arose still in sighs from her breast.

Then close to the hearth-stone the table she brought,
And all o'er the house her own tea-things she sought;
Of bread for each bairn she prepared a good share,
And near the warm hearth for each bairn placed a chair;
And then one by one, with the silence of thought,
Out from their hard pallet her little ones brought.

He saw her, with smiles such as angels might wear,
Observed her thin hands to the dainties draw near;
But soon the sweet smile yielded place to a frown,
And soon o'er her cheeks mortal tears trickled down,
As each with a greedy haste took all its share,
And held out its hand, pleading, "Mither, some mair."

When seated at length in their scanty attire,
She drew all their chairs closer still to the fire;
She set back the table with matronly care,
And a bath for the children began to prepare;
Soon their faces she washed, combed and shaded their hair,
And long scrubbed their feet, unco "hackit" and "sair."

Clean bedclothes she took, and so gently them spread
O'er the purified forms, softly laid on the bed;
Her lips, parting slowly, seemed breathing a prayer;
Her eyes, looking upward, seemed asking His care.
And then, with a lingering gaze, turning away,
She came to the bedside, where Benjamin lay.

Contempt seemed with pity to blend in her look,
As, shrinking in terror, poor Benjamin shook;
And pointing to where she her children had laid,
"Art thou not their father?" she solemnly said.
And while from his sight gliding slowly she seemed,
Poor Benjamin wakened, and found he had dreamed.

* * * * *

The neighbours observed how the children improved,
As things that were cared for—as things that were loved;
And soon where the tear-trace so often had been,
The roses of health and joy's dimples were seen:
They guessed at the reason, but vainly they guessed—
The reason lay hidden in Benjamin's breast.

PEG LINDSAY'S PRAYER,

WHEN JOCK WAS DRUNK.

O Thou wha made the sun and moon,
Wha stamacks put puir folks within,
Wha gied us feet without the shoon,
And bodies sarkless,
And maybe means oor Jock should win
Eternal darkness—

Thou wha hast gien us weans to feed,
That deave us wi' perpetual need;
Thou wha provides oor meal and bread
(Whiles michty scanty,
Though some need never fash their head,
Yet aye hae plenty)—

Thou wha hast gien puir women men
That roar like lions but and ben,
And a' their hard-won siller spen'
In drucken rantin',
While bairns at hame, they brawly ken,
Their brose are wantin'—

Thou wha permits the swurd and knife,
Wha lets men meet in deedly strife,
Wha strew'st sae thick the lea o' life
Wi' weeds o' care,—
I'm puir Jock Lindsay's lawfu' wife;
Oh, hear my prayer!

O teach oor Jock to un'erstaun'
His duty in a' Christian laun',
And gar him toil wi' eident haun'
Sax days ilk week,
Or else his bairns will soon be gaun
Their meat to seek.

Lord, let him hear them sab and greet,
And tell him cauld, bare, hackit feet,
When Winter sends his hail and sleet,
Are hard to bear;
For Satan's den and fiery speet
Jock doesna fear.

O tell him o' the dark rent-day,
The water-folk—the gas-man tae,
And show him jinglin' in his way
The felon's fetter;
Or if the hulks thou'dst for him spae,
He might do better.

O gar him hate that filthy quean
Wi' whom he's been sae aften seen:
Oh, I could blacken baith her een,
The shameless jade!
Her like on earth has never been—
But Jock's as bad.

In some daft spree he's like to leave me,
But weel thou kens that sair wad grieve me ;
I'd rather hae him curse and deave me
Wi' pest-hoose slang ;
Sae dinna o' my Jock bereave me,
But spare him lang.

He'll maybe yet gie owre his drinkin',
May yet on Peg and bairns be thinkin',
May yet hae weel-hained guineas clinkin'
My heart grows fain ;
The star o' Houp is o'er me blinkin'.
Amen, Amen!

TO R. W.

DEAR RITCHIE,—

Frae the box I've ta'en
A clean new pen, and doun again
I've sat to write—I kenna what—
Perhaps a string o' plain chit-chat;
Frae which a streak o' sense may gleam
At times, like starlight in the stream;
Or which may bear nae proof o' thinkin',
Nor proof o' ought but toilsome clinkin';
But which I ken (whatever *shall* come),
Wi' you will meet a hearty welcome.

O happy aye should be that bard
Whase rhyme is ever blithely heard
At *ae* hearth-side. Wha fills ae heart
Wi' reverence for the glorious art,

Wha aiblins wi' his random rhymes
A glow o' feeling stirs at times,
Or waukens memories sweet and dear,
That dearer grow frae year to year,—
He shouldna grudge the blast o' fame
That wafts afar anither's name,
Nor envy those whose luckier quills
The purse wi' routh o' guineas fills.
While *he*—alas! . . . . . .
(Here comes the thought
O' every coof that writes for nought.)

Cursed thought! wha wi' a spunk o' soul
That thought could for a moment thole?
It dams the flood o' inspiration,
And dooms the Bard to mis-creation.
Sweet Fancy's wings by it are clippit,
Benevolence in the bud is nippit.
Damned thought! Oh! why should bards
imbibe it?
Or why should I, a bard, describe it?

Queer chaps, O Ritchie, are thae bards!
And in the human pack o' cards
Wha can their proper place assign them?
Shall we wi' Kings and Queens combine them?
Or, wi' sour look and gesture grave,
Gie them a station near the Knave?
Some for themselves can justly claim,
Than kings or queens, a higher name:
To their transcendent genius thrones
Were things too mean for stepping-stones;
While all the rulers of mankind
They measured only by the mind.
Supreme amid creation's plan
They deemed the dignity o' man—
Of man, not in his robe of ermine
(That aften twice has happit vermin),
But man in ought that toil could gain—
In ought that he could ca' his ain.

But there are ithers, meaner things,
Wha see in princes, queens, and kings,

A sort of gods o' lower station
Than the great Author o' Creation.
But born to reverence, worship, glory—
Still to this thought they tune their story,
And busily as bee or ant
Still play the supple sycophant;
And bend the knee to all who rule,
No matter whether sage or fool;
And, claiming Bardic recognition,
Provoke the snicker o' derision.

Wi' which o' these, I wonder, Ritchie,
Will the impartial future mix me?
You'll wisely say, "It doesna matter."
I say, "God keep me frae the latter."

And noo guid-bye.—May nought distress ye,
May men and angels strive to bless ye—
For compliments I haena room,
But you'll believe me, Yours till doom.

MY BIRTHPLACE.

THERE is a lone village, by woods sheltered well,
Just reached by the voice of the nearest church-bell;
No burn wimples through it with bright sunny flow,
No mountain towers o'er it with bonnet of snow;
No quaint feudal relics its houses conceal,
No marvels masonic its rough walls reveal;
No Bard dear to fame 'neath its thatch has been born;
It has no honoured oaks, and no love-hallowed thorn;
No artist with pencil and book lingers there,
No eloquent tourists its beauties declare;
It rose into being no mortal knows when—
And the Gazetteer deems it too mean for his pen.

Yet no place to me hath a beauty so rare:
How softly the bell sent its Sabbath-call there!

How dear were its woods and its meadows to me!—
I knew every buttercup—knew every tree;
I knew where the earliest blackbird would sing,
I knew where the loveliest blue-bells would spring;
In spring, where the Robin's warm nest I should see;
In Autumn, where hazels and brambles would be:
I knew on what thorn the best haws could be found,
Where chestnuts would fall, and where "rowans" most
abound.

There love bade me first shun the rude mirthful
throng;
There first in my heart swelled the joy-spring of song;
There first, for my song's sake, my kin called me "fool;"
There friendship had birth that no trials can cool.

Away in the west crumbling Crookston was seen—
How smooth was the pasture-land stretching between!
And round to the west, when you let your eye roam,
Half-seen through the trees, peered the Baronet's home.
And yonder, where billowy banks swell so green,
The far-travelled river meanders unseen;

I hear its low music come o'er the moor still,
As the first star of evening beams o'er Bangor Hill—
When the last note hath died of the wood's vesper hymn,
And Crookston's rough outline grows dim and more dim.

How bright were its waters when woodlands grew brown!
How grand were the floods which in winter swept down!

I still can remember my boyhood's delight,
To gaze on the ocean that grew in a night;*
And how, as I gazed on the brown heaving sea,
I thought how sublime the Great Ocean would be.

Dear Village! in thee I had no worldly strife,
I left thee to enter the battle of life;
And till the last stroke of that battle is fought,
For thee I'll reserve a blithe dream—a sweet thought.†

* The haughs near Cowglen were yearly flooded to a large extent.
† The village referred to is Cowglen, the scene of the late Sham Fight at Pollock.

A SONG OF "KING COAL."

[The Author's aim, while composing this song, was to imitate "The Song of the Shirt" as closely as the difference of the subject would permit.]

With a lamp on his dreamy head,
And a damp on his gummy brow,
A miner sat, in dusty rags,
Deep in a mine below.
He dug—dug—dug,
In the sepulchre-seeming hole,
And still, with a voice of sorrow deep,
Sang he this song of "King Coal."

"Dig—dig—dig,
'Neath the horses' clay-clad hoof,
And dig—dig—dig,
'Neath the darkly threatening roof.

Fallen spirits seem we—
Children of gloom and fire;
But ne'er an Orpheus here will come
With gloom-dispelling lyre.

"Dig—dig—dig,"
Till the labouring bosom heaves,
As each clogged lung expands in pain
With the poison it receives.
Hole and tumble and draw,
Crawl and sweat and gasp,
Till the pick becomes an unwieldy weight
In the toil-enfeebled grasp.

"Lords in costly halls,
Princes on gilded thrones,
Hear ye e'er, by your cheerful hearths,
A miner's dying moans?
We dig in a starless gloom,
To be shunned as a vicious crew;
And dig—untimely graves for us,
While we dig for warmth for you.

"Yes, die!—where no children's tears
May fall on the chilling cheek,
Where we may hear no sigh that tells
The tale that no tongue can speak;
Nor earnest prayer breathed
By the pious for our behoof,
Nor aught save our dying comrades' cry
And the crash of the falling roof.

"The strain of racking toil
We day by day endure,
The endless gloom, were trivial things
Could we feel our lives secure.
Even now, relentless Doom
His wings may o'er us wave,
And the gloom around becomes at once
Of a hundred men the grave.

"Spurned, despised, crushed,
Like soulless things, together,
Here, in the June of life,
Like autumn leaves we wither.

Wither—unlike the leaves—
Slowly and painfully;
Wither, with scarce a gleam of hope
That thus 'twill always be.

"Oh! to be with our hearts
In our homes on upper earth,
With loving ones that feel how much
Our lowly lives are worth!
Dear are we to the hearts at home
As life, or the light of day,
Though some may deem us scarcely worth
The weight of ourselves in clay.

"The slaves of other climes
Have a sun 'neath which to toil—
Some snowy cloudlet's antique form
May care of power beguile.
No sun or cloudlet here see we,
To put our cares to flight;
Eternal dread hangs o'er us still,
With the gloom of endless night:

"True, we may see the sun
Start from the east *one* day—
May hear the blackbird's song, and see
The dew on the blossomed spray.
Ah! but the beam of joy
That scatters our cloud of sorrow,
Fades fast before the fear of what
Awaits us here to-morrow."

Thus, with an aching heart
And a sweating, clammy brow,
A miner, in his dusty rags,
Sang in a mine below—
A place that a ghost would shun,
A worm-detested hole;
Thus, with a voice of sorrow deep,
That might have made old Nero weep,
Sang he this song of "King Coal."

SONG.

THOUGH some mak' licht o' warl'ly things,
And labour sair to shaw that;—
Pretend to scorn the wealth o' kings,
And loudly aft misca' that;—
Yet they wha aye in poortith pine,
Are ne'er sae bauld as a' that,
But aye wad deem the fortune kin'
That to their hearths wad draw that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
In spite o' cant and a' that,
Content was Comfort's eldest bairn,
An's aye her pet, for a' that.

Nae credit gie to chiels wha say
That rowth o' gowd and a' that,
Will only pave the weirdfu' way
To ruin, shame, and a' that.

Hae faith in "plenty an' to spare,"
An' dree nae ill frae a' that;
Mair fear ae hour o' hungry care
Than ages dreech o' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
In spite o' cant, and a' that,
Content was Comfort's eldest bairn,
An's still her pet for a' that.

For him wha glibly can descant
On poortith's charms, and a' that,
We ken that ae short week o' want
Would cure the coof o' a' that.
Then let us trust a weel-filled purse,
Howe'er the wise misca' that,
And bend in patience 'neath the curse,—
Weel pleased to merit a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
In spite o' cant, and a' that,
Content was Comfort's eldest bairn,
An's aye her pet for a' that.

SONG.

Oor Marion starts early to see the sun rise,
And watch the first beam stealin' o'er the grey skies;
To see gowans openin' she'll watch on the lea;
Oh, Marion, ye're welcome!—the gloamin' for me.

She says there's a spirit that sings on the breeze,
And waukens the birdies to lilt on the trees;
And joy, when she's tellin't, beams in her blue ee;
Oh, Marion, ye're welcome!—the gloamin' for me.

She thinks there's nae beauty in starlicht ava,
And jeers when at gloamin' I'm slippin' awa:
She ne'er saw the moonbeams glance through a green tree,
And dance on the Levern like Willie and me.

But some bonny laddie will alter her taste;—
She'll ne'er let the sun see his arm round her waist;
She'll sleep lang at mornin's—sair changed will she be,
And best like the gloamin', like Willie and me.

TO A SPRIGLET.

[Sometimes, in damp places in pits, there springs from the "trees" used to support the roof a tiny white spray, which dies ere it attains a tint of green. By one of these the following stanzas were suggested.]

Puir, sickly spriglet, pale and clear,
This sunless cavern, dark and drear,
Was never meant the life to cheer
O' plants like thee—
I sairly doubt thou'lt flourish here
Nae mair than me.

Alas! the wood is far awa'
Whare thou thy twa-leafed tap should shaw,
Whare thou might been a branch fu' braw
Of stately beech,
And cradled aft a nestling craw,
Safe oot of reach.

Lone sprig, nae wooing April sun
Thee from thy parent tree hast won;
Thou to the hues of Autumn dun
Nae touch will lend;
In gloom thy transient life begun,
In gloom will end.

Near thee nae amorous cushie-doo
To's listening mate will sit and coo;
Thou never of the morning dew
Wilt drink thy share,
Nor shimmer, when the sun breaks through,
In pearls fu' rare.

When winds lay by their winter whistle,
And snow thaws off the sprooting thistle,
When withered leaves nae langer rustle
Owre woodland heather,
Thou wilt not bloom by Crookston Castle,
Whare grew thy mither.

When Boreas fills that castle lone,
At night's drear noon, wi' eerie moan,
That seems to come frae mortals gone
Whare nane can tell,
Thou wilt not wave the fancied groan
Of ghost to swell.

And when the leafy branches try
How like a lover they can sigh,
The imitation sweet will fly
From tree to tree,
Receiving, as it passes by,
Nae aid frae thee.

In fortune thou'rt akin to me;
We baith are what we loathe to be;
We sunless, sighfu' days will dree
Wi' ane anither—
In some disastrous hour may dee,
Ere lang, thegither.

FIRE!

[The late melancholy accident at the Dykehead Pit, near Larkhall, Hamilton, suggested the following Poem. The incidents are, I think, nearly real.]

It was the corning-time—the hour
Of rest but new begun;
The ponies had their rakes brought in,
And been stabled one by one:
Some lucky miners had been sent
To the regions of the sun.

The "oncost" near the bottom sat,
With napkins spread on knee,
Taking their humble mid-day bite,
Drinking their twice-warmed tea;
Eating their labour-seasoned meal
In thankfulness and glee:

When, lo! they heard a sound, that made
Their breath for a time retire—
A strange alarming sound—and still
Its note of alarm rose higher.
"Let's see what's wrong," said one: "my God!
There drops the signal-wire;
The lining-deals are glowing red,
And the shaft's ablaze with fire!"

"What's to be done!" thought every one,
As they gazed, with fear aghast,
And felt the air around them rush
With a strong and strengthening blast.
"What's to be done!" What could they do?
For the burning wood fell fast,
And the roar of the fire above proclaimed
Life's chances hastening past.

The growing heap of embers red
There helplessly they watched,
And they saw the cage drop hissing hot,
With the severed rope attached.

Then thicker fell the burning shower,
And the air-rush ceased anon,
While a thick white cloud—the breath of Death—
Began to gather down.

Fast spread the news, and from the face
The miners, hurrying, throng;
They see the smoking wreck, but scarce
Conjecture all that's wrong.
And loud and wildly rose their cry
Up through the smoke and flame,
"Good God! are we to die like dogs?"
But still no answer came.

And oh! the torture of their thoughts,
As there they sat or stood,
And saw the stifling, thickening cloud
Still closer o'er them brood!
Oft as the long, long hours crept past,
And no relief seemed near,
Despair assumed the voice of Hope,
A neighbour's heart to cheer;

And when the deadly damp had come,
When Death was present there,
Religion with her solace came,
And breathed the fervent prayer.
The dead and dying, huddled close,
In groups together lie;
Some from the crowd apart have crept,
In peace alone to die.

And Memory and Affection stood
Their closing eyes before,
And spoke of those they loved, whose smile
Would never greet them more.
And when at last the rope came down,
To grasp it some would leap,
While some in apathy turned o'er,
The sleep of Death to sleep!

Meanwhile, above, a mighty crowd
Has come from far and near;
A few to lend their aid have come,
The rest to see and hear.

And sad indeed is the sight they see,
For ruin rules the scene;
Yon heap of ashes tells where once
The scaffolding had been;
Yonder the naked engine stands,
And the pit's somewhere between.

And fathers, mothers, wives, around,
Wait for their own dear dead,
Whose winding-sheets at home are out,
And ready to be spread.

And has there nought been done, the fate
Of those dear friends to know?
Oh, yes! the mining chiefs have long
Been hurrying to and fro.
Their hundred plans confusion breed,
For each his skill must show;
Meantime the precious hours haste on,
And the poor men die below.

Die? No, not all—for, hark! a voice
Is heard from the ruined pit,
A desperate human wail. "Oh, haste,
They may all be living yet!"
And the angel Hope comes down among
The mourning ones to sit.

A rope was lowered; but how describe
The agony of thought
That chilled the hearts of those who ne'er
Could find the friends they sought,
As one by one the living, dead,
And dying, up were brought?

And still the tumult louder grows;
Here some for whisky cry,
There brutes endowed with speech crack jokes
As the dead are carried by;
And curses, bandied to and fro,
'Mid tears and misery fly—
What cares the thoughtless crowd for those
Poor mourners listening nigh?

At length the last of all the dead
Is from the ruins borne
As stars begin to fade, and night
Gives place to smiling morn.
And miners, as they hurry home,
Thus musing, sadly say,
"Their turn was yesterday, and ours
Perhaps will come to-day:"
And the desponding answer is,
"God knows! perhaps it may."

THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

I DEARLY lo'e the gloamin' hour,
E'en when in sorrow pinin',
When dewdrops bathe the faulded flower,
And ae fair star is shinin';
When song frae every plantin' streams,
A world o' joy revealin',
And boyhood's joys and manhood's dreams
Are owre my memory stealin'.

I dearly lo'e, at gloamin' hour,
To watch the deepenin' shadow
Owre mountain, moor, and woodland lower,
While mist hangs owre the meadow;
When leanin' on some auld dyke-stile,
Hope's lamp my heart illumin',

I croon some sang o' happy toil,
At peace wi' a' things human.

What heart but lo'es the gloamin' hour?—
Then rest comes to the weary;
Love lurks in glen and woodland bower,
And Jeannie meets her dearie.
Then sweetest seems the mutual tale
O' vows, and hopes, and wishes;
And O how sweet, through gloamin's veil,
The glow o' Jeannie's blushes!

Thou art a priestess, gloamin' hour,
And aye thou gies us warnin',
That life, at best a fragile flower,
May fade before the mornin'.
Oh may we a' sae leeve that we,
Arrived at ae life's gloamin',
May upward gaze wi' hopefu' ee,
And wait the life that's comin'

TAM CAMFILL.

Oh! ken ye Tam Camfill that comes frae Larkha'?—
Honest Tam Camfill that comes frae Larkha'?
In summer and winter, through sunshine and snaw,
Ye'll meet Tammy ladened, far, far frae Larkha'.

Tam Camfill's a merchant o' nae feckless grade,
A dealer in stuffs frae abroad, and hame-made;
And whether his faither was Japheth or Ham,
There's few mair deservin' o' honour than Tam.
Though some merchants mak' a mair gaudy display
O' jewels and spices, and sic things as thae,
In scorn honest labour wad pass by them a',
And deal wi' Tam Camfill that comes frae Larkha'.

Tam Camfill has cleedin' for back and for wame,
Abundance o' moleskins for wark and at hame—

He has coats for the market and coats for the fair,
And coats for the Lord's house, if e'er ye gang there;
If tweeds ye're in want o', or braid English claith,
O' fine woo' or coorse woo', or aiblins o' baith,
To gang to the toun ye hae nae need ava—
Apply to Tam Camfill that comes frae Larkha'.

Tam Camfill has sarks made o' Alloa woo',
O' a' kinds in pattern, and a' shades in hue:
A plaid frae Tam Camfill the winter win' daurs,
And comfort abides wi' his simmets and drawers.
Wi' mittens and socks for the haun's and the feet,
His stock o' bed plenishing aye is complete:
Sae, whether ye lack o' the bein or the braw,
Apply to Tam Camfill that comes frae Larkha'.

Braw caps trimmed wi' buckles or buttons has he,
O' fashion and fineness in every degree,
Wi' braw flashy waistcoats—their price jist a catch—
And fine silken napkins and neckties to match.
When blithe Larkie maidens wad busk for a dance,
Wee Tammie has ribbons and gum-flowers frae France;

And wifies that nice weddin'-mutches wad shaw,
Can get them frae Tammie that comes frae Larkha'.

And Tammie, forbye, deals in coffee and tea;
The real Turkey bean and the genuine Bohea;
And mony a wife, wi' her caddy sair doun,
Thinks lang for the day that Tam Camfill comes roun'.
But hoolly! my muse! ye've nae richt to reveal,
And count ane by ane a' the spokes o' his wheel—
For puffs in the papers and bills on the wa'
Are scorned by Tam Camfill that comes frae Larkha'.

Some ere they daur face lonely roads need a dram,
But nae siccan helps e'er were needed by Tam;
On the loneliest road, in the eeriest hour,
Tam's spunk kept himsel' and his bundles secure.
When the glare o' the ir'nwarks were hid frae his view
In the thick winter's mist he could hardly press through,
Though his head and his heart into slumber might fa',
His feet, trodgin' on, brang him safe to Larkha'.

When snaw, meltin' fast frae the holms and the hills,
To floods turned the rivers, to torrents the rills—
When nicht after nicht dreepin' cluds hid the starns,
While foamy and red ran the stream o' Carbarns,
Although the wild flood gurgled up to his chin,
Wi' his pack on his head, fearless Tam ventured in;
The haughs micht be soopit, auld brigs washed awa',
But Tam aye wan safe wi' his pack to Larkha'.

Some ca' this the reason that Tam's aye sae thrang:
He credits the colliers—he ne'er kens hoo lang—
But haith! he keeps gaucy his braw wife and weans,
Forbye makin' siller, they say, like "sclate stanes."
And lang may he thrive in his fast-risin' toun,
Till, when its a burgh, whilk's sure to come roun',
He'll lounge at his ease on a sofa fu' braw,
A bailie at least 'mang the lords o' Larkha'.

LITTLE BROTHER.

A SONG FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Oh! come, let us lay all our playthings aside,
And sing of our brother again;
We will sing how he once in our games joined with pride,
Forgetting his cough and his pain.

But he's gone far away to the land of the stars—
All his moaning and weeping are o'er;
And till death the bright portals of glory unbars,
We shall see little brother no more.

Little brother was kind, with a manner so sweet,
And his ringlets so fairylie fell;

Oh ! we always were happy together to meet,
For we loved little brother so well.
But he's gone far away, &c.

Little brother could sing, and 'twas pleasant to hear
Him join in the hymn or the song ;
Ah ! we never once deemed his departure so near,
Nor thought he'd be absent so long.
But he's gone far away, &c.

No more we'll for him gather primroses gay—
Little brother of flowers was so fond !
Now, he's gathering bright flowers that will ne'er fade away,
Yon hills of white clouds far beyond.
For he's gone far away, &c.

No more shall he gaze on the far-flying kite,
Whose string to his carriage was bound ;
Nor smile in his chair, on the long winter night,
When the guess or the story goes round.
For he's gone far away, &c.

We must all be good children, and swear not, nor lie,
And always from quarrelling refrain ;
And so, one by one, to the star-land we'll fly,
And meet little brother again.

For he's gone far away to the land of the stars,
He has passed through the valley of pain ;
And when death the bright portals of glory unbars,
We shall meet little brother again.

THE FACES IN THE FIRE.

In langsome nichts o' winter, when frost is unco keen,
When snaw is skinklin' on the streams, and stars are scantly seen;
When gantin' in the ingle-neuk, oppressed by vague desire,
Wha hasna gazed wi' wonder at the faces in the fire?
The reek may swither, and at last refuse to tak' the lum;
Ae bairn may fiddle on the tangs, ane on the server drum;
Confusion owre the hoose may reign, but o't they dinna tire
Wha 'mang the glowin' aizles see the faces in the fire.

Frae 'tween the ribs they're keekin' oot, we ken them every ane,
E'en though there should be naething left except a nose and chin;
The fashion o' some unco mooth we see and brawly min',
And on some braid and manly broo yet trace the sorrow-line.
What happy memories some recall! and when we ithers see,
Whiles something for a moment dims the dazzled burning ee;
Some wear the smile o' heaven itsel', and some a frown sae dire;
Ah, sirs! there's something unco in the faces in the fire.

Whiles by in hurryin' groups they pass, whiles lingerin' ane by ane,
As if they each in Memory's ha' some honoured place wad win;
Some tell o' nichts when social joy and mirth appeared supreme,
Some help us owre to dream again some early passion-dream.

Oh! dootless 'tis for some wise end they gaze upon us there—
To warm affections chilling fast, or chase tormentin' ca
Or gar us bound through life again unclogged by age o mire.
Ah! vile's the wretch wha joyless sees the faces in the fire.

The faces o' neglected freens, we're sure to see them there;
There o' impatient creditors we'll meet the angry stare.
If e'er, wi' mean unmanly art, ye planned a lassie's wrang,
Ye'll see her pale despairin' face the glowin' coal amang.
Ye may frae Hunger's deadly haun' hae savèd a wanderin' wean,—
Its features, for a moment seen, ye ne'er may mind again;
But, ah! the face o' her ye wranged, in hopes 'twad ne'er transpire,
Is ever, ever present 'mang the faces in the fire.

There's ane that was a freen' langsyne—alas! where is
he noo?—
'i' mony a year aboon his grave has fa'en the summer
dew.
There's ane that was a crabbit wicht—we min' his
spitefu' girn,
And there's the happy lassie's face that leeved beside
the burn.
And whase is yon? We mind it noo—ah! Willie,
wanderin' still;
Soon may ye hae a safe return, wi' health and wealth
your fill;
And then (for to your freenship we shall ance again
aspire)
We'll tell ye hoo we saw ye 'mang the faces in the fire.

GLOSSARY.

Ae, *one.*
Ahint, *behind.*
Aiblins, *perhaps.*
Airn, *iron.*
Airt, *direction.*
Aizles, *ashes.*
Antrin, *occasional.*
Ava, *at all.*

Babs, *clusters, posies.*
Bachle, *old shoe.*
Barley-bree, *malt liquor.*
Begunk, *cheat.*
Bein, *useful, not merely gaudy.*
Bel', *bald.*
Bere, *bear, a species of barley.*
Biggin', *building.*
Biel, *shelter, home.*
Billie, *companion, neighbour.*
Blae, *blue.*
Bools, *marbles.*
Boonmost, *uppermost.*
Brackens, *ferns.*
Brang, *brought.*
Busk, *ornament herself.*
But and ben, *from the kitchen to the room.*

Ca', *drive round.*
Callan', *boy or lad.*
Caller, *fresh.*
Camsilled roof, *sloping white-washed ceiling.*
Chaps, *strikes.*
Cleidin', *clothing.*
Cloot, *a bit of cloth.*
Cluds, *clouds.*
Coft, *bought.*
Coof, *blockhead.*
Coost, *cast.*
Crack, *conversation.*
Croon, *hum.*
Crusie, *oil-lamp.*
Cushie-doo, *wood-pigeon.*

Dae't, *do it.*
Daffin', *playing or sporting.*
Darg, *day's work.*
Dauting, *fondling.*
Deave, *deafen.*
Dichtit, *wiped.*
Dreech, *dreary.*
Dreepin', *dripping.*
Drouthiest, *thirstiest.*
Drucken, *drunken.*
Duddy, *ragged.*
Dux, *at the head of the school class.*

Eerie, *awe-inspiring.*
Eident, *diligent.*
Ettle, *try.*

Facht, *fight, great effort.*
Fash, *trouble.*
Feckless, *scarcely worth reckoning.*

Fin', *find.*
Fit-cloots, *cloths for the feet.*

Gantin', *yawning.*
Gaucy, *stout and comely.*
Ginlers, to ginle, *to catch trout with the hands.*
Girn, *snarl.*
Girrs, *hoops.*
Glint, *glance.*
Glouff, *glow.*
Gooldies, *goldfinches.*
Gowans, *daisies.*
Gowk, *cuckoo.*
Grat, *wept.*

Hackit, *cracked as with cold or hard work.*
Haffits, *sides of the head.*
Haith, *an exclamation.*
Haives, *hoofs.*
Hallan, *cottage, home.*
Haughs, *flats along the bank of a stream.*
Hawkit, *hawked.*
Heugh, *shaft of a pit.*
Heukit, *hooked.*
Hirpling, *walking lamely and with pain.*
Hoolly, *softly, be cautious.*
Houkit, *dug.*
Houp, *hope.*
Huggers, *footless stockings.*

Ingle-neuk, *fireside.*

Jaup, *dash.*
Jaupit, *splashed.*
Joe, *sweetheart.*
Jouk, *elude.*

Keek, *look or glance.*

Laigh, *low.*
Lair, *learning.*
Laverock, *lark.*
Lee'd, *tied.*
Liltin', *singing blithely.*
Linties, *linnets.*
Lippen't, *trusted.*
Lister, *a three-pronged spear used for spearing salmon.*
Lo'e, *love.*
Lug, *ear.*
Lum, *chimney.*

Maizzle (from Measles), *slightly inflamed by their bite.*
Mools, *earth over the dead.*
Morning-piece, *a bit of bread taken to eat while going to work, or before going out.*

Nieves, *fists.*
Niffer, *exchange.*
Nyaff, *yelp of a cur.*

Ocht, *anything.*
Oe, *granddaughter.*
Oncost, *employed in the pit, but not colliers.*
Owresman, *overman.*
Oxter, *arm-pit.*

Paikit, *thrashed.*
Pech, pechin', *pant, panting.*
Peeries, *tops.*
Pinglin', *tedious and ill paid.*
Pinkie, *flowers of wild cresses.*
Poortith, *poverty.*
Pree, *taste.*
Preen, *pin.*
Preen't, *pinned.*
Preenless, *unpinned.*

Quate, *quiet.*

Rakes, *loads.*
Raws, *rows (of colliers' huts).*
Reek, *smoke.*
Rickle, *slim, patched up.*
Roop, *harry.*
Roset-en', *shoemaker's waxed thread.*
Rowan, *mountain-ash.*
Rowth, *abundance.*

Safe, *save.*
Sark, *shirt.*
Sarkless, *shirtless.*
Scuff't, *shabby.*
Seggan, *the water-flag, the Wild Iris.*
Server, *tray.*
Sheugh, *dirty deep ditch.*
Shirpit, *exceedingly lean.*
Shirra, *sheriff.*
Siccan, *such.*
Simmets, *flannel shirts, flannels.*
Skaith, *harm.*
Snachle, *insignificant creature.*
Sneevlin', *snivelling.*
Sonsy, *buxom.*
Soopit, *swept.*
Spankit, *sped.*
Specks, *spectacles.*
Speet, *flood.*
Speir, *ask.*
Splauchin', *splashing.*
Squeel, *cry out, complain.*
Starns, *stars.*
Steekit, *shut.*
Stoory pad, *dusty road.*
Swarft, *fainted.*
Sweert, *unwilling.*
Swither, *hesitate.*
Syne, *then.*

Tae, *toe.*
Tae's, *to his.*
Taigled, *hindered.*
Tairge, *termagant.*
Thole, *endure.*
Thrang, *busy.*
Thrashes, *rushes.*
Tickit, *got on credit.*
Tid, *season.*
Toom, *empty.*
Touzie, *dishevelled.*
Traik, *wander idly.*
Unkent, *unknown.*
Wa'-bag, *wall-bag.*
Wachlet, *hobbled.*
Wale, *choose.*
Wame, *belly.*
Warslet, *struggled.*
Waukrife, *wakeful.*
Wecht, *weight.*
Weddin' mutches, *wedding caps.*
Weel hain'd, *well saved, preserved.*
Weet, *wet.*
Wheen, *few.*
Whisky houff, *alehouse.*
Yaumerer, *grumbler.*
Yill, *ale.*

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